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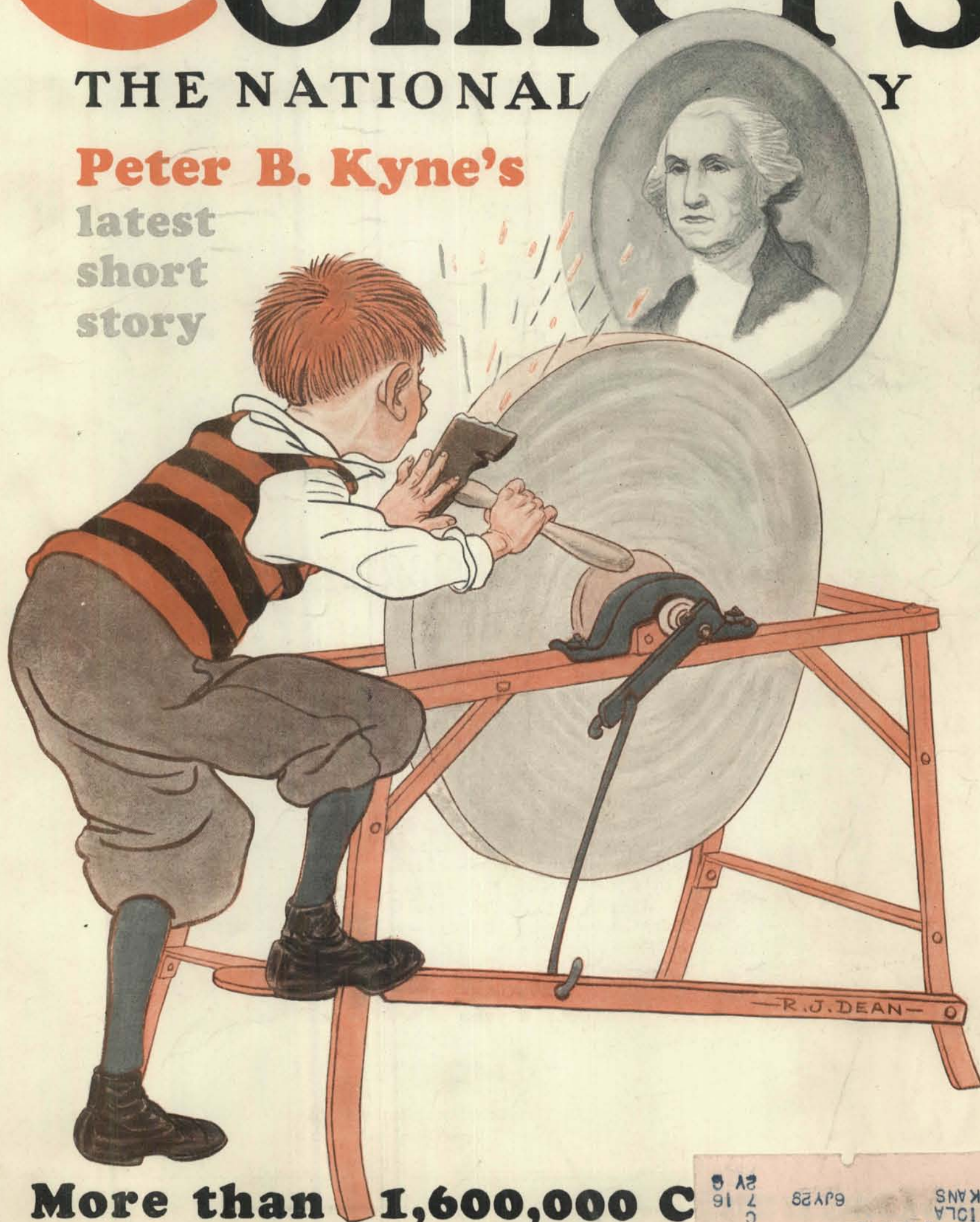
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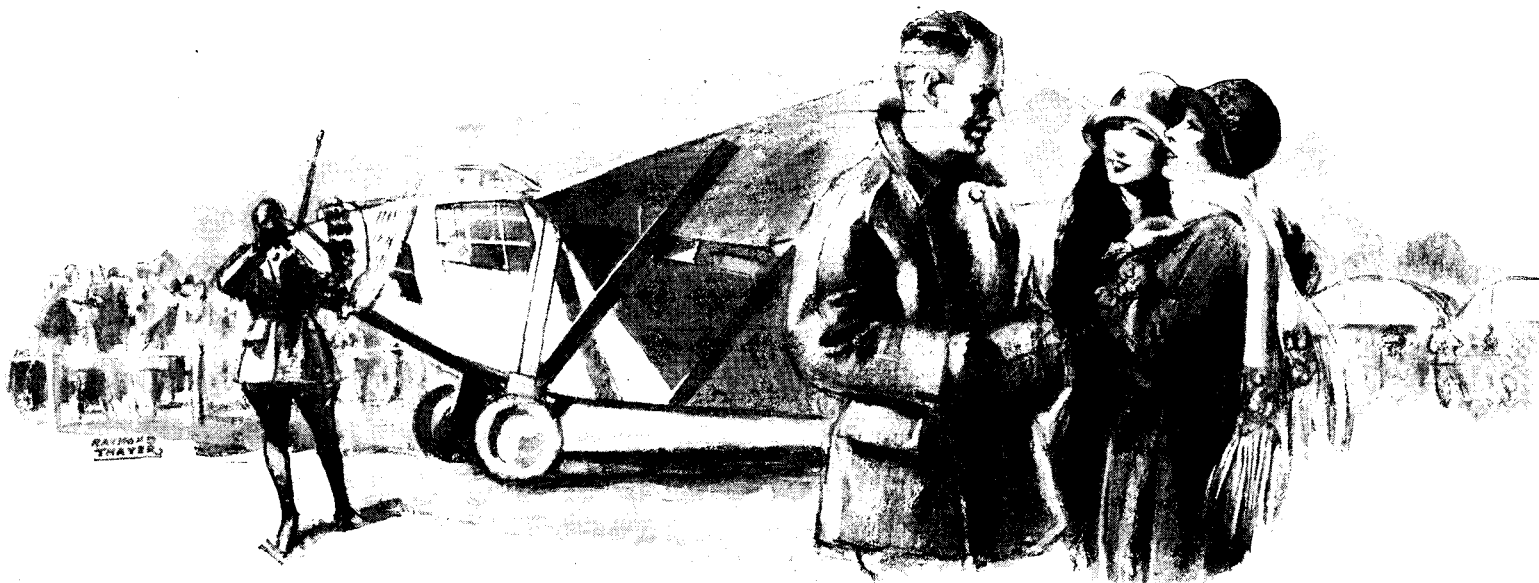
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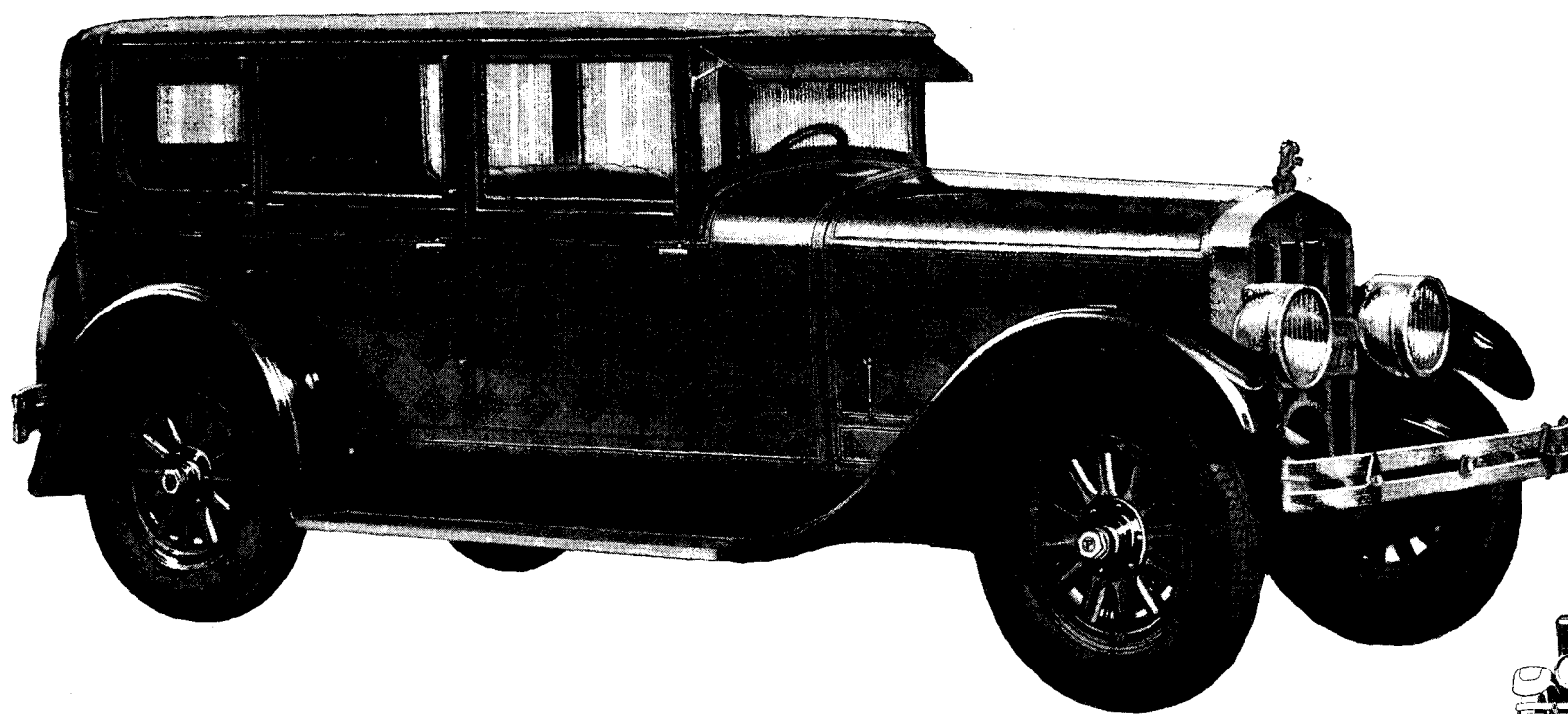
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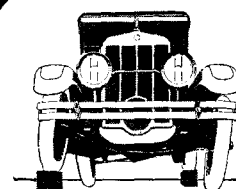
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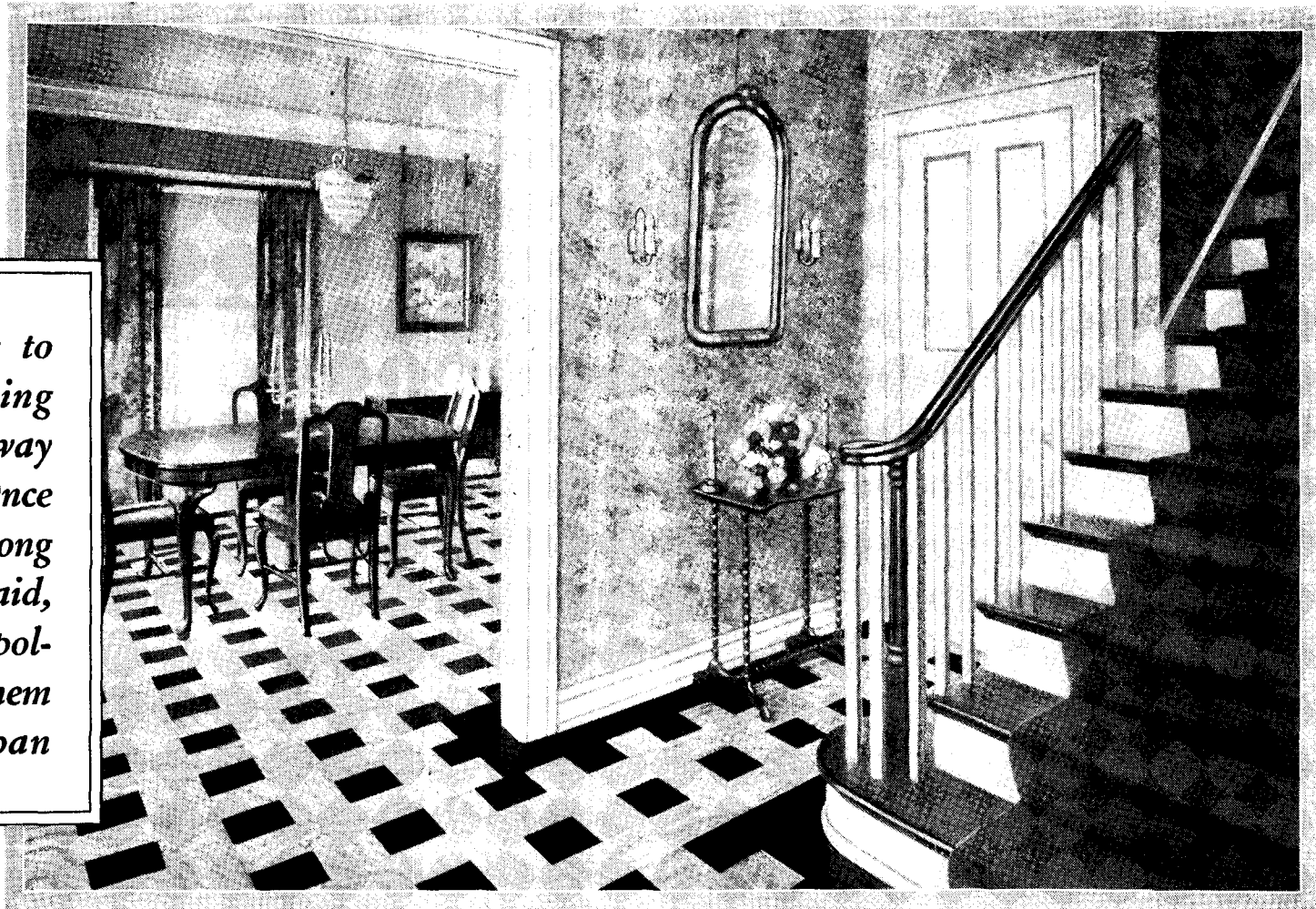
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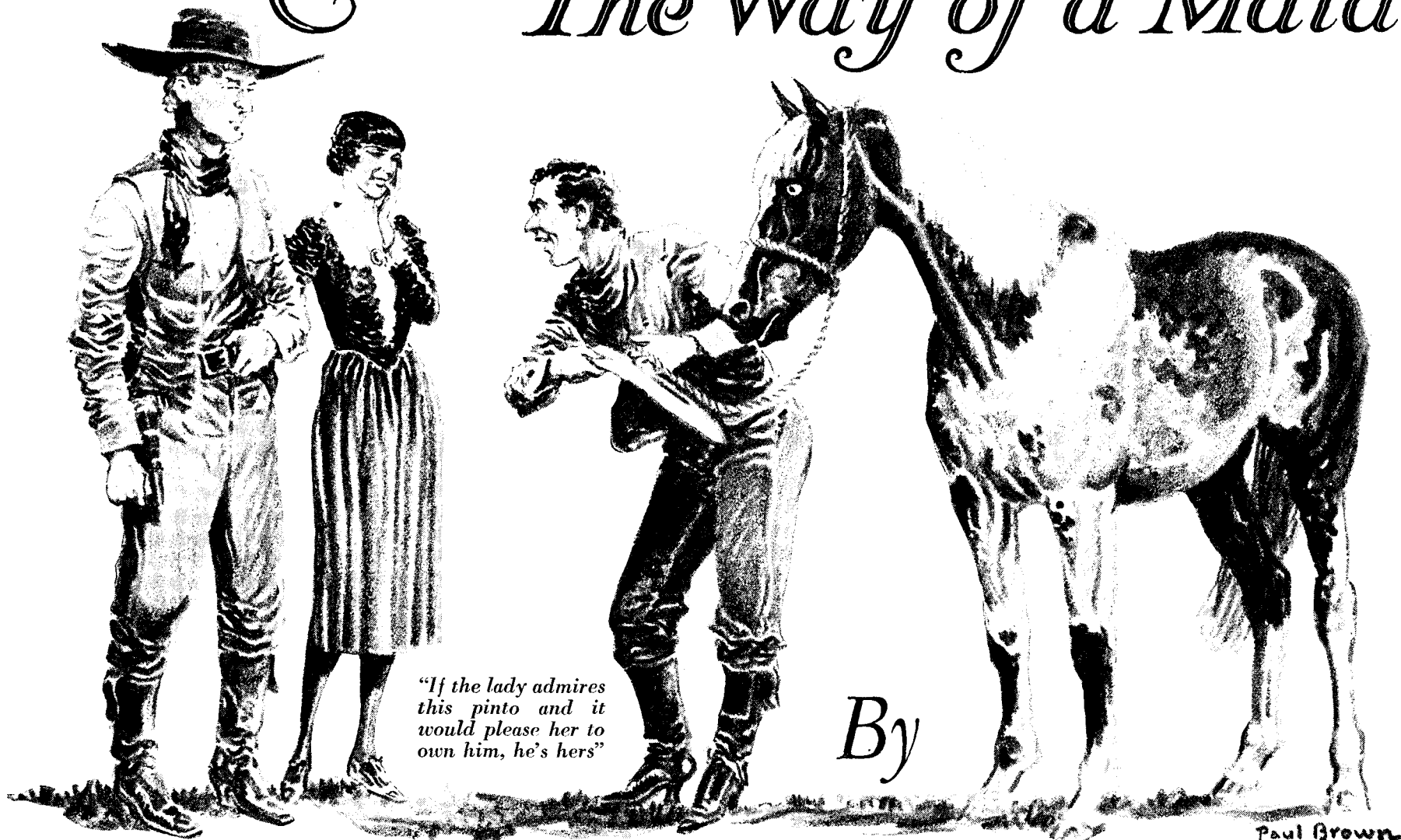
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The Way of a Maid



By

Paul Brown

PETER B. KYNE

Dad Tully, who couldn't stand girls who cooed at him, tells why he never married

"I SEE by the papers," remarked Dad Tully, owner of the 70 Ranch, as he sat in his veranda and gazed out across his domain, the while he sipped his first alfalfa cocktail, "that society's making quite a to-do about companionate marriages—whatever they're supposed to be. In fact, never having been a married man myself, I ain't informed on even the common or garden variety o' matrimony. And," he added ironically, "I got to admit that mighty few o' my married friends are either."

Dad is one of those thoughtful souls who read the newspapers from first page to last, including the classified advertisements. "I been a-perusin' of this here personal column," he went on. "Listen to this, son:

"Jim. Come back: all a hideous mistake. I love you. Your wife, Mildred."

"A first-class writin' man might make a short story out o' that, only I reckon his story'd be too commonplace."

"My wife, Cora Jane Tilson, having left my bed and board at 2344 Benson Boulevard, this city, I will no longer be responsible for any bills she may contract. John R. Tilson."

"Hurrah for John! I suppose he couldn't get up courage enough to stop the woman until she'd left him. (At that her action's probably a bluff to bring him to time.) Here's another:

"Wanted: Information regarding the whereabouts of Henry J. Catlow of Marysville, Calif., and last heard of in

Yerrington, Nevada. Address Mrs. Henry J. Catlow, Marysville, Calif."

"I suppose Mrs. Catlow's tryin' to run Henry down to collect a lot o' back alimony. Now, as near as I can make out, Judge Lindsey'd claim that if these folks had been allowed, by law, to follow out this companionate marriage idea, the chances are they'd be livin' happily together right now. When folks know they can cut the rope whenever they feel like it and git a divorce without framin' up a lot o' fool charges agin each other, the chances are they'll pull together like a good honest team. Zing, bring another one o' them alfalfa cocktails."

Zing, his Chinese cook, valet and friend, obeyed silently and Dad resumed: "I come right near gittin' spliced once, when I was young an' reckless an' liked takin' chances." He chuckled softly at the remembrance. "I hope to tell you I was that deep in love I was goin' around with a sweet pain in my heart an' that jealous o' Chaiky Riddle I used to lie awake nights wonderin' was it best to hire Chaiky killed or do the job myself. Whichever modus operandi got Chaiky into the cemetery

would have been satisfactory to me. I had the desire but lacked the courage."

I remained discreetly silent, for I realized Dad Tully was about to dig deep into his checkered past, and when Dad does that the tale is apt to bear listening to.

I WAS manager for old Milk Mulford's ranch, the Double M, in them days, down in Grant County, New Mexico [he began]. We was running sixty thousand or more head o' longhorns over a

million acres, with enough Apache Indians prowling around to give life an edge; I was risin' twenty-two, with a hundred an' fifty riders under me, an' I thought I was some punkins. Which, come to look at it now, an' considerin' the class of useless young fellers our modern colleges are turnin' out, I reckon I was. The office o' the ranch was in Deming, where I'd spend two or three days a month when I come to town to order supplies, draw money for the pay roll an' have a conference with the old man, who, by the way, is my foster father an' the local banker. New Mexico's mighty sparsely settled in them days, but

there's a right smart sprinklin' o' likely-lookin' damsels in Deming which I know, although none of 'em interest me any more'n their mothers do, until I meet up with Amelia Caxton, called Meely for short.

Before introducin' you to Meely, however, I reckon I'd better go back a piece an' tell you how come I have this rare privilege thrust upon me. I'm out at the Double M ranch one summer evenin', a-settin' in the porch watchin' the swallows dipplin' in an' out of a little pond at the base o' the windmill, pickin' up mud for their nests. The windmill is turnin' over lazy-like, groanin' softly to each

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roll, the last light o' day is yellowin' the peaks to the east, an' I'm what you might call well content with myself an' not wishful for visitors. Presently my eye lights on a lone rider comin' across the plain toward me, an' even though he's a mile off I can see his horse is plumb tuckered out an' it's a toss-up whether the critter makes the ranch or lies down off yonder to die. So I set there, a-wonderin' what kind o' cowwaddie this feller is, not to git off his horse an' walk that last mile, an' makin' bets with the range boss as to the outcome. The latter figures the rider's crippled.

I lose. The horse makes the grade, an' while he's slakin' his thirst at the waterin' trough his rider dismounts an' comes up on the porch. We receive him coldly, notin' at the same time he's not a cowman, not in no sense o' the word. "Good evenin', gentlemen," says he. "May I trouble you for a little advice regardin' this here horse o' mine? He don't act quite natural. As I have to ride quite a piece tonight, I figgered I'd drop in an' see could you boys tell me what ails him."

"How far have you ridden him without water, mister?" I says.

"Only forty mile."

"Well, that's a-plenty. An' he wasn't much of a horse to start with. He's tuckered out. You can't ride him another mile. When a horse hangs his head low an' scuffles his feet he's fixin' to drop from exhaustion."

"How very remarkable!" says this pilgrim. "Also, how very unfortunate. Could I buy a meal here, by any chance?"

I overlook his insult because I see right off he's a stranger to New Mexico. "No," I says, "this ain't no restauraw, but folks usually ride up an' turn their mounts loose in the corral to nibble at the feed rack, after which they wash up an' enter the mess hall without asking questions or talkin' about pay. I'll have the cook feed you an' show you your room. Henry here will look after your horse."

I WOULDN'T have asked him his name or his business for a farm, but right off he tells me both. He's a circle rider—the Rev. Josiah Hink, an' he's aimin' to git to Tejuunga late that night so's he can hold a meetin' there the followin' morning, which is Sunday. I blast his hopes on that point. "Which you're unarmed an' cold meat for even an Apache squaw," I tell him. "It's twelve mile over to Tejuunga, an' if you try makin' it in the dark you'll git lost sure as death an' taxes. Rest here tonight an' at daylight I'll give you a fresh horse an' ride over with you to see the Injuns don't skelp you an' send you whoopin' home to your Maker before your app'inted time."

He thanks me kindly and wants to know what I'm a-goin' to charge him for the hoss.

"Nothin'," I says. "We got more hosses'n we can count an' don't set a greater value on 'em than five dollars a head, broke. I'll give you a right smart mustang for the honor an' glory of Him you represent."

"The Lord will reward this kindness to His servant," says the Rev. Josiah Hink. "I accept with gratitude."

I ask him about his method o' ridin' circle, which it's bound to differ a heap from a cowman's method o' doin' the same, an' he tells me he just floats over the country, spreadin' the Word wherever he thinks it's needed or welcome;

that once a month he holds services in Deming. I gather that his collections is mighty slim an' that bein' a circuit rider's certainly a hard, unprofitable job. Converts don't come any too easy in a cow country.

Well, I tuck this pilgrim into bed, a-marvelin' at his innocence, an' at the crack o' dawn we're off for Tejuunga. An', as luck would have it, a couple o' redskins parked on top of a butte crack down on us an' kill the horse I've given the preacher. I drag him in behind some rocks an' tell him to lay there, whilst I go gunnin' for them Apaches.

PRETTY soon one shows himself agin the sky line, an' from a rest I get him at five hundred yards. Then I move up an arroyo till I git a view o' the other side o' that butte, an' to prove that God's friendly to a young feller with a kindly Christian sperrit, I spot the other Apache comin' down that slope. So I make a good Injun out of him, after which I locate their ponies tied in some mesquite an' bring 'em both back to the Rev. Josiah Hink.

"Here, Reverend," I says, "is a good Indian paint pony for you, with an extra pony so you'll have a change when the pinto's tired an' starts hangin' his head."

"Where'd you git him?" says the Reverend.

"I killed his late owners an' helped myself," I says. "Did you think Santa Claus give them to me?"

"It is written in the Good Book, 'Thou shalt not kill,'" he says, starin' at me horrified. But I pay no attention to him an' cinch his saddle on the pinto.

"It's the custom in this country to tunnel any Injun that kills a parson's horse an' delays the services," I says. "Fork him, Reverend, an' we'll still reach Tejuunga before the congregation has time to git nervous."

I'm not inclined to attend his services until I see he ain't goin' to have more'n two dozen in his audience, corral count, whereupon I decide to boost his game by my presence. An' I'm right glad I do, for who should be playin' the little portable organ but Amelia Caxton! Also, she's quaverin' in a sweet little voice Shall We Gather at the River, in which she's bein' ably supported by Chalky Riddle, which Chalky, so-

called because he's almost as blond as a pink rabbit, is the ridin' boss for the Lazy S. Chalky's a decent enough feller, an' havin' a keen eye for mavericks he's slowly buildin' up a herd of his own. But I know Chalky ain't got no more religion in him than a hoptoad, so right off I realize he's my hated rival, an' forthwith I hate him, although previously we've been good friends.

When the contribution plate passes around Chalky drops a five-spot in it, most ostentatious, an' Amelia gives him a grateful glance. Then the plate is shoved under my nose, so I raise the ante on Chalky by droppin' in a ten-spot. Whereupon Chalky knows me for his hated rival, an' we're off to

a fair start an' no favor.

This here circuit rider gives us a generous helping of hell fire an' pays his respects to all the saloons in Tejuunga. But he don't impress Chalky Riddle an' me none, because we don't believe him. We both know we've been born with more savvy than he's goin' to have the longest day he lives. Still, we're tolerant of him because we knows he means well.

After services Chalky Riddle marches out with Meely

a-totally oblivious of my presence an' aimin' to take Meely over to the hotel for lunch before I horn in on his play. "Ain't you a-goin' to introduce me, Chalky, you varmint?" I says to him in Spanish, an' he replied in the same language: "You git your introductions the same way I did—by playin' the preacher's game—hard. You saw me Gatherin' at the River, didn't you?" "I seen you wal-

"Books with stories in 'em about cowboys," he yells and tosses the lot into a near-by barranca. "My Lord, the money I've wasted on such trash!"



lerin' in it," I says. "As for playin' the parson's game, I housed him an' fed him last night, give him breakfast an' a well-reined hoss, escorted him here, killed two Apaches that tried to murder him en route, bored myself by attendin' service an' dropped a ten-spot on the plate."

"The race ain't always to the swiftest, Jed. Sorry." An' he sweeps on, majestic as hell, with Meely at his side a-lookin' up into his ice-cream face like he was one of the prophets. So I drop back an' pull in alongside the Rev. Josiah Hink.

"Reverend," says I, "would you be so kind an' neighborly as to give me a introduction to that holy, lovely young woman that played the organ so beautiful?"

"Why, I don't know her, Mr. Tully," says the Reverend.

"The hell you don't," I says. "I seen you shakin' hands with her an' Chalky Riddle."

"My dear boy, that's a preacher's license. We don't have to know 'em just because we handshake 'em. That means, I suppose, we're all children o' the Lord together."

"Well, in that event, Reverend, I reckon I'll be ridin' back to the ranch,"

I says. "But before I go let me give you a little advice. Hereafter when you're ridin' circle, you water your

hoss at every water hole, an' don't be in such a hell-fired hurry to serve the Lord you forget that the merciful man is merciful to his beast. That pinto pony I give you is all hoss, otherwise his late Apache owner leaves him at home when he goes on the war path. Feed that pony grain, an' he'll stand an' all-day pursuit; if you must travel alone, wear a six-shooter an' carry a late model repeatin' rifle an' a hundred rounds of ammunition, a canteen o' water an' a resolute sperrit."

"I may not accept these ponies," says he. "They ain't yours to give. You could have mounted me behind you when those poor benighted heathens killed my horse; we could have got to Tejunga all safe without the necessity o' sendin' them ignorant souls to their Maker before I'd had time to work on 'em."

I WAS hoppin' mad. I says: "In the first place, my horse don't carry double—not without protest—an' when he protests the feller ridin' double is out o' luck. Moreover, if we'd run for it with a double burden, them Apaches would have concluded we was unarmed or scared; they'd have come after us, and I'd have had to fight it out with 'em to save your life an' mine on ground not o' my choosin' an' not so well adapted to defense."

"If thine enemy smite thee on the right cheek, turn unto him the left," he insists. "I will pray for your sinful soul." An' with that he bows an' leaves me with nary a word of appreciation for what I'd done for him. I reckon he figgers that's the Lord's business an' if there's any credit comin' to me the Lord will see that I git it.

I walk over to the hitchin' rack to git my own horse an' the two prizes o' war, an' there stands Chalky Riddle an' Meely, lookin' the paint pony over an' Meely a-pattin' him an' declarin' he's the most beautiful thing she ever seed an' a-wonderin' if she's ever goin' to be lucky enough, now that she's took up her residence in the Far West, to have a sweet pony like this one to ride. As a matter of fact, this Apache pony's a real prize. He's fifteen hands high, weighs close to eleven hundred, not a blemish on him, slick as a mouse, with perfect conformation an' perfect hoofs. Some place back in his ancestry an Arab stallion has figgered, an' this pinto's a throwback. I'd tried him out before permittin' the Reverend to fork him, so I know he's well-broke, with the disposition of a friendly pup.

Chalky Riddle don't see me approachin', but I'm close enough to hear him makin' his approach. "You want that pinto, Miss Amelia?" he says. "Then, by gravy, you're a-goin' to get him. We'll wait here until his owner shows up, an' I'll buy him for you."

"Oh, Mr. Riddle!" says Meely an' clasps his arm in both her little hands. "You're won-derful. The doctor told me, when he sent me to New Mexico for my health, to do all the horseback ridin' I could stand. But I haven't been able to afford a horse—an' oh, I do love this dar-r-r-lin'." The way she rolled out that word, "darlin'," you'd have swore doves was cooin'.

"Which I'm the owner o' this here

pinto, Chalky," I says, "an' he's not for sale."

"Don't be a dog, Jed," says Chalky. "You know blamed well you wouldn't ride circle with this horse on a bet. He's too prominent. He don't blend into the countryside worth a hoot, an' the first thing you know you'll be offering a beautiful target for some Apache. I'll give you ten dollars for him."

I disregard his vain remarks, remove my sombrero an' bow low to Meely. "Which if the lady admires this pinto an' it would give her a moment's pleasure to own him, he's hers this minute, with the compliments of Jed Tully, manager o' the Double M ranch, an' a risin' young cowman in these parts."

"I'm Amelia Caxton," says Meely, an' puts out her hand. Chalky turns green back o' the ears. "I thank you so much, Mr. Tully, but really I couldn't accept such a valuable present."

"Valuable nothin', Miss Meely," I says. "This critter don't cost me nothin', unless you figger a trifle o' two ca'tridges." An' I tell her how come I accumulate the pinto. Meely looks at me sort o' horrified, like I'm a red-handed murderer, seein' which Chalky takes her by the arm.

"Come with me, Miss Meely," he says. "Folks'll talk if they see you associatin' on terms of familiarity with a man whose hands is drippin' with human blood."

"Which an Apache ain't human," I come back at him. "An' for that matter, last week you an' one o' your riders not only knocked over four o' them renegades that jumped you ridin' circle, but you skelped 'em an' tried to get a bounty on the skelps from the commandin' officer over to Fort Grant. I didn't skelp mine. I got some finer feelin's. Besides, I killed in self-defense, an' to preserve to this sinful community an humble worker in the vineyard o' the Lord, to wit, the Rev. Josiah Hink. Miss Meely, you ask the Reverend, an' if his story differs from mine, then you don't have to take this pinto."

SO MISS MEELY goes back to the meetin' house an' asks the Reverend, an' upon returnin' says she allows mebbe it was O. K. for me to kill the Apaches, since they was hell-bent on killin' us, but she had her doubts about the validity o' helpin' myself to the estate o' deceased.

"Well, you take the pinto temporary, Miss Meely," I urge.

"Well, I live in Deming, Mr. Tully," says Meely. "I just come up on the train this mornin' to play the organ an' lead the choir. How ever am I to get him into Deming?"

"I'll ship him in for you," says Chalky.

"I'll ride in an' lead him for you," I shoot back, "an' what's more, I'll do it now. Where'll I leave him?"

Meely sticks her finger on her lip an' looks up at me like a dyin' fawn. It's plain she's troubled in her mind. "Mr. Tully," she says finally, "I'd love to own this lovely horse, but the fact is I can't afford to maintain him. An' the parson says you ain't got no legal right to him. Of course, that's a debatable question—"

"I tell you how we'll settle it, Miss Meely," I interrupt. "I'll take this pinto to Deming an' turn him in with the thoroughbred horses my foster father, Milt Mulford, maintains on a little irrigated (Continued on page 45)

Illustrated by
PAUL
BROWN

"You ain't got nothin' on me, Brother Riddle," says I, an' pile mine into the baranca with his



Yes that See

By GRANTLAND RICE

SOME years ago a Harvard scout made a close study of Yale's offense in two or three earlier games. In planting his detective eye on the Yale attack the Harvard scout noticed that one or two of the Yale backs had developed the habit of turning the feet slightly in the direction the play was going. The tip to watch certain Yale feet as the signal was called was enough to cripple the Blue running game, and Harvard won, but it took a rather keen eye to get it—the type of eye that not many have.

Few pairs of

Open your eyes:
then Tommy Armour
will be no
mystery to you



Wide World

Jack Delaney's trained eye spotted Tiger Flowers' one weakness

eyes ever see anything but the outlines of the picture or the general run of a story. Yet by observing details the eye can teach a useful lesson by furnishing the right pattern to follow, for those who know how to look.

"In teaching golf," says Jim Barnes, winner of two open championships, "I take my pupil around the course and make him watch my method of playing each shot. I may play the same shot over two or three times until the picture has registered. Then I ask him to play the shot, as nearly as he can, in the same way.

"This system gives him freedom of movement. He is on the offensive and not the defensive. He has got his lesson from the eye rather than through the ear. I have found it more effective in improving average play than anything else I have tried."

Few in any big golf gallery ever give the eye a chance to teach a lesson. Only a few study Bobby Jones' foot action, for example, his method of pivoting and the position of his hands at the top of the swing.

There were several thousand spectators around the last green at Oakmont as Tommy Armour studied his 10-foot putt, needed to tie Harry Cooper for the U. S. open. There was breathless stillness as Armour addressed the ball. Yet there were not fifty who saw how Armour took back his putting blade and how completely still his head and body were held without any show of stiffness. They merely watched the putter and the ball.

The drama, of course, lay in the path of the ball—either into the cup or just a breath to the right or left. And that drama completely obscured the form and method of stroke making.

I recall another occasion at Braeburn, where Walter Hagen had a 10-foot putt to win the U. S. open. His ball hit the back of the cup—and hopped out, leaving him tied with Mike Brady.

"Well, he gave the ball a chance, anyway," the general comment ran.

"Did you notice," said one keen-eyed Scot, "that Hagen jabbed that putt in place of using his usual smooth, even stroke? He gave the ball a chance, but the cut or spin on it threw it out." (I too had missed that.)

The detective eye is a great thing for those who wish to be informed or those who wish to improve their play.

"How did you happen to take the stance you use at bat?" I asked Babe Ruth one day.

"I watched Joe Jackson's swing at every chance and then I began to watch his feet.

"I saw he had his right foot well advanced, with his left well back. I saw this gave him a chance to get in a big-

ger turn, a better chance to make that bat whistle because his hands and his left shoulder had a bigger arc to work in. And it all came from the way he planted his feet.

"I decided to try the same thing. Only I went further than Jackson did. I put my left foot still farther back of my right until they were almost in a straight line, with the back of my right shoulder toward the pitcher. This gave me an even bigger body turn and added just that much more to the wallop.

The Eye as a Winner

"YOUR eyes can show you a lot," Ruth added, "if you'll only use them. A smart pitcher will cover up or hold every ball the same way, but others tip you off by changing their grip on the ball or the position of their feet or by some other slight sign."

Which recalls the fact that Christy Mathewson used to pitch to the position of Hans Wagner's feet at the plate, and meeting any change with a fast one, curve or fade-away. No smarter pitcher ever threw a ball. If anyone ever had the detective eye, it was Big Six of the old-time Giants, who could tell you what anyone could and what anyone couldn't hit. He had the type of eye and intelligence which takes in the important details and sends its message direct to the brain.

Tunney has the detective eye. Dempsey hasn't. The old Manassa Mauler's idea is to surge in and wham. One system in the ring to him was the same as another. Tunney makes a careful study of each leading fighter's style. He knows what to look for.

Jack Delaney is another keen observer. When he met the late Tiger Flowers he noticed early in the action that while the Tiger kept his left jaw guarded with a protective glove he had

Only a few stars have the detective eye. But it makes champions, and the student of sport should have it

a habit of slightly dropping this guard when a left hook reached the body. So along about the fourth round Delaney hooked a left to the body, fainted another left and then shot the right for the uncovered jaw. This was the knock-out.

Delaney's trained eye had detected the one weakness in Flowers' defense which others had never seen.

How many watching Walter Johnson pitch have ever followed the deep backward sweep of his right hand and arm and the sudden bend of the right wrist just before he starts the forward movement? Yet this is one of the main reasons for his tremendous speed and his almost perfect timing of a throw.

The entire sporting whirl is full of interesting detail open to the detective type of eye.

I had watched Bill Tilden play tennis for three or four years before some old-time tennis star suggested one day that I watch Big Bill's foot action. It was something to look at, the uncanny way he had of apparently being out of balance and then landing on his feet as a cat lands, ready to move anywhere.

The observing eye is most needed in football. There you have the rapid movement of twenty-two men, frequently in many different directions.

One of the best detective eyes in football belonged to Charley Buell, the Harvard quarterback. He could tell in a flash what each defensive position was and what changes had been made as he was calling the next attack.

In the Princeton-Ohio State game the Ohio quarter noticed Miles of Princeton playing somewhat deep, back down the field. He called a diagonal forward pass to Criss along the sidelines, 25 yards away from Miles. But as Criss caught the ball Miles hit him and drove him out of bounds. One field general doesn't know yet how Miles covered twenty-five yards in about two seconds.

Use the eye as your instructor. It can be a good one.



P. & A.

Watch his right wrist: it solves the mystery of Walter Johnson

Silver Fox

As with a genie's gesture, fortune smiled on him and—in a way—on her

A Short Short Story

SHE was fascinated by the silver-fox scarf. It lay alone on a piece of rich black velvet—a thing to delight the heart of any woman.

The girl was oblivious to the wind which howled down Fifth Avenue. She had forgotten the biting air and the hurrying, shivering crowds. Tonight was as other nights: she had walked two blocks out of her way to come and stare through the gleaming plate glass at the gorgeous fur.

That particular scarf of silver fox had come to typify in the mind of Madge Garon all that was worth while in life: its wealth and luxury and softness.

It was not the scarf itself, but what must inevitably accompany it. The woman who would some day possess that scarf would be sheltered from hardship and protected against the bitter things of life. She would live in a mansion or a glorious apartment and be waited upon by obsequious servants. She would wear sheer silk underthings and chiffon hose and custom-made shoes and gowns from exclusive shops. That was what the silver-fox scarf unfolded before the eyes of the thinly clad girl with the big, eager eyes.

She did not see the luxurious limousine which rolled up to the curb and stopped, as though its owner had been expecting to meet her at precisely that spot.

She was not even conscious of the man's presence until he spoke in his smooth, soft voice and touched her on the elbow.

She smiled into his eyes and marveled that he had found her in the Fifth Avenue crowd.

"I could find you anywhere—by instinct," he said gently. "What were you doing?"

"Window-wishing," she confessed. "It's that silver-fox scarf yonder. Isn't it gorgeous?"

He smiled brightly. "Shall we go in and buy it, Madge?"

HER face flushed, and she bit her lip. "We've been over all that before, Hal. You know I can't accept such a gift from you."

He shrugged. "What has the fact that I'm a married man got to do with it?"

She did not evade the issue. "We both understand that, Hal. You know I can't take such a present."

"Foolish little girl! Well . . . at least you can go to dinner with me, can't you?"

She went cheerfully—with a last yearning backward glance at the silver-fox scarf.

She liked Hal—and understood him.

For an instant the girl's eyes lighted and then a cool voice suggested that he must have made a mistake

As a matter of fact, he had never tried to deceive her. He was fabulously wealthy—and securely married. He had told her that the first time they met. Her acceptance of the silver-fox scarf . . . yes, they both understood what that would mean.

And late that night, when he left her at the shabby boarding house where she existed with her dreams, she lay wide-eyed staring into the darkness, trying to probe through three thousand miles. . . .

SOMEWHERE on the Pacific Coast was John: big, boyish, good-natured John, who had gallantly abandoned a meager clerkship to seek his fortune where the sunset is most golden. She hadn't heard from John for a long time. He had been gone now for three years. At first his letters had been filled with his love for her and his hopes for them both.

Things hadn't gone well at first, and he refused to handicap himself with the wrong sort of job. Some day, he told her, he would make his strike and then come back to claim her.

Three years is a long, long time—particularly for a pretty girl alone in New York; a girl who yearns for comfort—yes, and luxury—who hungers for love and companionship. John seemed so far away . . . he became a memory. True, it was a poignantly sweet memory. If only he'd write more often—or come to her with a confession of his failure. Then they could share a modest little home. . . .

His letters became less passionate and more filled with details of his business schemes. There was something about oil, and a job in Mexico. Then he disappeared . . . and now for more than six months she had hungered vainly for a letter.

And he—fighting valiantly against hardship—had made his pilgrimage into Mexico.

There had been trouble, and physical danger and hardships unbelievable. There had been a siege of illness; then long periods of hope and bitterness, during which he postponed writing to her from day to day.

Then the sun rose, and it began to seem as though he were destined to

achieve his ambition. Again he deferred writing; this time because he didn't want to buoy her unduly, only to have her share the bitterness of possible disappointment. He did write a few lines occasionally, but they were cold and impersonal: merely letting her know that he was well and working hard.

Not a word of their future—not a line about the love which was greater than ever before . . . nothing to keep her courage strong against the ravages of loneliness and heartache and disappointment.

AND then—with the magic swiftness of a genie's gesture—fortune smiled upon him. As though to atone for the years during which prosperity had been withheld, wealth showered on him so prodigally that he could with difficulty adjust himself to the future. He did not write her the truth then—preferring, with pardonable pride, to withhold the story of his amazing success until he could tell her in person. Months dragged . . . while he tried to organize his new success so that his presence could be spared.

And then, alert and eager, he went East. He did not herald his coming. He was young enough to gloat over the surprise which was in store for her. His arms hungered for the girl, and his lips were eager.

He went to her boarding house and was amazed to learn that she was no longer there. At the shop where she had been an assistant cashier they told him that she had left three months before.

Bewildered and frightened, he hunted through New York. He tried to find girls who had been her friends—and was unsuccessful. Madge had been given to few intimacies.

Day after day and night after night he trudged the streets, hoping against hope to catch a glimpse of her in the hurrying throngs.

And then, late one evening when the first snow flurries of the year were feathering the avenue, he thought he saw her coming out of a tearoom. Exultantly he hurried forward and spoke.

For an instant the girl's eyes lighted. Then the delicate figure stiffened and a cool voice suggested that he must have made a mistake.

Embarrassed, he bowed and apologized.

Stung with disappointment, he stumbled down the street. It seemed impossible that any woman could bear so striking a resemblance to Madge.

And yet he felt he should have known that it was not she. The woman to whom he had spoken was richly dressed. Even he could appreciate the gorgeousness of the silver-fox scarf she wore.

Illustrated by
ESTELLE
STOKES

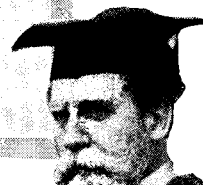
The Whiskering

All these faces ought to be familiar to you although you can't be blamed if you don't recognize some of them under the shadows. Their own mothers wouldn't



The patronizing patriarch watching the Eskimo looks like that only when he's heading an expedition to somewhere or other which he generally always is. During brief pauses at home he's much more youthful looking, is
George Palmer Putnam

Both Wide World



Keystone View

© Brown Bros.



Those whiskers on the learned face of the former Secretary of State come under the head of permanent installations, although there was a time when Charles Evans Hughes was as beardless as a grapefruit and much handsomer. Why, just look at his earlier picture on the right



Wide World. Spots by Keystone

A couple of famous brothers whom you don't often have to coax out from behind whiskers. Col. Theodore Roosevelt (left) and his brother Kermit acquired the blackout effects while chasing the agile ovis poli over the Himalayas

Even their most enthusiastic fans couldn't have recognized H. P. Traynor, captain of the Pittsburgh Pirates (left), and Burleigh Grimes of the Brooklyn Robins when they returned from a razorless vacation in Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas



P. & A. Spots by P. & A.

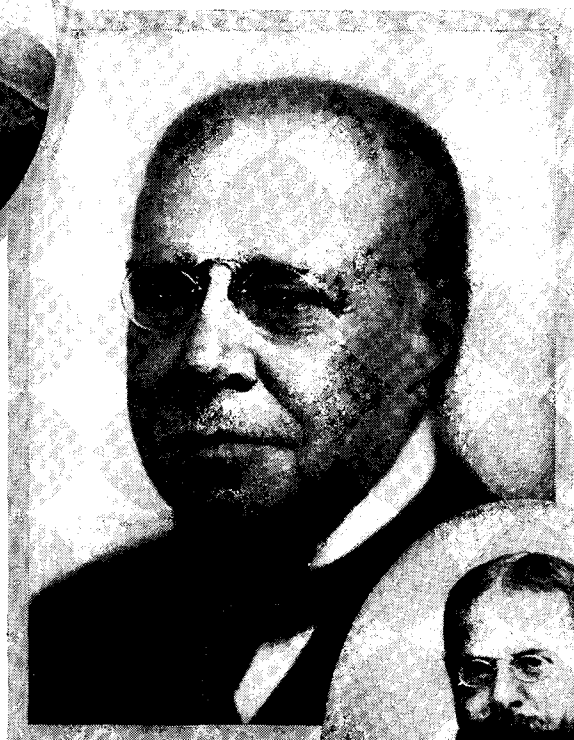
Gallery

Right: If ever you doubted that whiskers were a badge of respectability just give a look at Emil Jannings (right) before and after. Which woman do you suppose is his wife and which one is no lady? There, you little rogue, didn't we tell you?



Wide World

It was—and more's the pity we didn't think of this crack before a more gifted writer did—scarcely a beard at all, more like a deepening of the shadows in which his whole face seemed to lie. An unshaven Dempsey, who certainly doesn't look like the film idol that the Taylor girl married



Wide World

The Kaiser, in a day when a mustache like that was all you needed to make you king of the world. And another picture taken more recently when not even the venerable beard could help him. In the larger photograph he's holding his beaming grandson



Wide World

Brown Bros.



When Babe Ruth lays off the nickless blade for a day or so the result is little less than terrifying. Even the smile doesn't offer much consolation. But there on the right, after the hot towel has been whisked off, is the old Bambino that we know and cheer so lustily each season. His daughter Dorothy (who's getting to be quite a big girl) and Dorothy's puppy complete the group



Left: Surely those medals can never be one half as impressive untopped by the beard that once so proudly tossed above them. John Philip Sousa (left) is just as gifted and skillful a bandmaster and composer as ever he was but the razor has contributed nothing to the backdrop



Paramount



Wide World

How a Critic gets that way

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



M. Goldberg

Alexander Woollcott himself

IT MUST be depressing to the sensitive soul to be asked, after many years, how he got that way. Mr. Woollcott, one of the most persistent and impervious of American dramatic critics, responded to the question with a review of himself. He succeeds in proving what we have long suspected: that dramatic critics, like other units of society who maintain a high and unflagging visibility, are almost invariably the result of cheerful accidents.

BY a set of curious chances, I find myself engaged in the business—the business, mind you—of going to the theatre. I do not write plays. I do not act plays. I do not even produce plays. I merely go to see them. By contracts between the party of the first part and the party of the second part and all that sort of thing, my life is actually so arranged that in the past dozen years I have not only attended 2,000 first nights in New York, London, Paris and Berlin, but, far from paying for the privilege, I am myself paid for the inconvenience.

I am, God help me, a dramatic critic and (with time off for bad behavior, minor operations, croquet tournaments, motor trips in France, and such of my personal attention as was required by the war with Germany) have been a dramatic critic ever since one rainy night in February, 1914. What follows here, therefore, is the partial confessions of a professional playgoer.

Professional playgoing seems to be hardly a career which a decent man would deliberately map out for himself, any more than one would plan an exclusive diet of macaroons or lemon meringue pie. Yet through sundry channels I am annually made aware that an appallingly large proportion of each class graduated from Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia leave the campus secretly, though vaguely, resolving to become dramatic critics. Certainly this is true of those who are minded to write at all. I don't know why. But so it is.

The applicants, mere masses of pink skin and raccoon skin, usually make



Nicolas Muray

At a benefit in which Woollcott played Henry VIII the hissing took four minutes

their tentative inquiries during the Christmas holidays preceding their last commencement.

Two Bachelor Critics Uncaught

SUCH postulants as get past the office boy and totter, without being killed or wounded, as far as the managing editor's sanctum, usually blurt out their horrid ambition almost immediately.

"Well, my boy," the great man may say, "and what part of the newspaper business do you plan to uplift?"

"I would like it, sir," says the neophyte, "if I could be sent to review plays."

There ensues at this point a blood-curdling yell from the chief. Sometimes the paper weight just misses the startled ear of the applicant as he dashes to the door, secretly resolving (en route) to take up law or umbrella

mending. Sometimes he is found next day by the charwoman cowering behind the file rack, weak from lack of food and still chalky with fear.

As I glance down the aisle at my colleagues from the other dailies and weeklies, I can see either that they too had made a sad miscalculation in this matter—for all too obviously none of them married Jane Cowl—or when they became dramatic critics they were already married to wives who still firmly attend every performance with them and as firmly escort them home afterward.

Among many of the undergraduates at Yale there is, I think, a hazy notion that after the play every dramatic critic goes gayly off to supper with Ann Pennington or Beatrice Lillie (Lady Peel to you).

But, alas, it does not work out that way! After the play every dramatic critic goes off instead to his typewriter and, besides, most of my colleagues from Boston to Los Angeles are confirmed husbands. In New York the only unplucked rose except myself is George Jean Nathan of Judge and the American Mercury, whose second seat at the

fraternity take many forms. We were all rendered a trifle uneasy, for instance, when an obscure actor brought suit for \$10,000 damages against Heywood Broun for his having said that this actor had given what seemed to him the worst performance he had ever seen on any stage.

The suit came to trial, and Mr. Broun was somehow got into the witness stand (with the aid of a shoe horn, I should think), and an impassioned lawyer rushed at him with inquiries as to whether he meant to tell this jury that a metropolitan newspaper intrusted such delicate matters to the likes of himself.

Did he mean to tell this jury?—etc., etc.—so it went until the judge woke up and, peering over the bench, inquired mildly whether, after all, the management had not invited Broun to the theatre. Well, yes, it had. And hadn't it invited him there to give his opinion, and hadn't the little article he wrote been put forth as his opinion? Yes, yes.

Thrown Out, Cut Dead, Reviled

WELL, then, ruled the judiciary, to the intense relief of all of us, the question of his intelligence or fitness for his job was scarcely relevant. So out the case went on the sidewalk and dramatic criticism went on its way in America.

Then I myself have known the anguish of being thrown (politely and to establish a point of law) from as many as twenty-two theatres in succession. I also know what it is to be cut dead on the street by several of the best actresses living today, all of whom are speaking to me again this season. My private letter files, if ever opened to the public, would reveal countless such variations of attitude. For instance, the data in the John Barrymore file ranges all the way from charming, neighborly little notes addressed to me to more carefully considered letters to

the publishers suggesting that I be immediately and contemptuously exterminated.

Those files would also give up the letter written by a leading actor who, in a celebrated play, had to be seen writing at his desk throughout one long scene which would end in his crumpling up his notepaper and hurling it into the wastepaper basket. He used to

amuse himself during this scene by writing actual letters to people who were, to his obvious regret, still living in New York. The call boy thoughtfully rescued from that scrap basket and ironed out for my memory book a singularly harsh letter written to me and setting forth the actor's candid opinion of my general worthlessness.

I have also known the anguish of having Lowell Sherman reply to my review of his play by a nightly curtain speech in which he would always raise (a trifle irrelevantly, it seemed to me) the question as to how often, if ever, I was obliged to shave.

I have even known what it feels like to play Henry VIII at a benefit performance before an audience consisting of most of the leading people of the theatre then in America: Irving Berlin, Jascha Heifitz, Lady Diana Manners, Constantin (Continued on page 44)

Alec at the age of ten, a few years after he decided on his life career



Brown Bros.

"We are all solemn and decorous fellows compared to Eugene Field"

premieres is usually occupied by his overcoat (made in London) or by Lillian Gish.

The discouragements which beset my

The Man Who IS

IT IS not what a man does but what he is that counts. And Dawes, says Mr. Gilbert, emphatically IS. To some he is solid, sober, well-balanced. To others he is erratic, irresponsible. The Senate started by calling him a clown, but ended by admiring him.

By
CLINTON
W.
GILBERT

Illustrated by
JOHN T.
MCCUTCHEON

A MAN who had known Vice President Dawes from his youth up, admired him and loved him, once remarked, "I know Charlie is a great man. But he is not anywhere near so great as he thinks he is. He is a man who capitalizes his impulses. But, believe me, those impulses have been carefully thought out and coolly considered before they flare up suddenly into vehement expression."

I don't know how more truth about the Vice President could be put into one hundred times as many words. He is a great man, or more nearly a great man, take him as a rounded figure, than anyone else we have in Washington. You may take his achievements—his success in the world of business, his brilliant handling of the problem of matériel for the armies in France, his putting of the federal budget system into practical operation, his effectuating of the Dawes plan for German reparations, whoever originated it—and you may set them down beside the achievements of any other public man today, say Mr. Hoover, for example, certainly without dwarfing them. I choose Mr. Hoover for comparison, since the two are commonly thought the leading possibilities for the Republican nomination for the Presidency.

And he is something more than a man who has done great things. There is a saying that it is not what a man does but what he is that counts. And Dawes emphatically IS. He is a personality. Another man may be a myth, an adding machine, a voice, a symbol. But Dawes is a person, vital, various, striking, amazing, confounding, alive in every respect, admirable, and in some respects not so admirable; the kind of being that adds to the sum total of happiness of friends; that the closer you get to him the more he takes hold of you; that is a vivid reality apart from records, accomplishments and achievements.

You feel Dawes. You read about Hoover. So much is this true that I was hard put to it to list the very remarkable deeds of his that I have



The man who couldn't be pigeonholed in the Vice Presidency, the one real personality in Washington

just put upon paper. He is not a list of things done. They are not the first things that leap into your consciousness when you think of Dawes.

The first thing that leaps into your consciousness when you think of Dawes is the figure of Dawes, the man himself, striking, puzzling, debatable, friendly and repellent; the man who said "Hell and Maria!" the man who shocked the Senate with his inappropriate diatribes and whom all the Senate came afterward to love; the man who couldn't be politically pigeonholed in the Vice Presidency; the one real personality in timid, conventional Washington. The person Dawes dwarfs the deeds of Dawes. And it takes quite a person to do it.

We all want our great men to be something more than graven images. And the last thing that Dawes is is a graven image. There are a lot of graven images in Washington. One in every square. And a lot of them—top-hatted and long-tail-coated all waiting for the summons of the last trump that will surely elect them President—set a fashion that is painfully followed by our public men, all of whom see themselves in stone or bronze and petrify, anticipating the sculptor.

Napoleon is a Habit

ALL of this sounds very much like a eulogy, and so I pass with a blush or two from these remarks about his greatness to the next two points made by this early and perfect critic of

Dawes quoted at the beginning of this article: "He is not so great a man as he thinks he is" and "He is a man who capitalizes his impulses." Aye, there's the rub. Modesty was left out of him. His weak spot is that he is afraid people will not realize his greatness unaided. Unlike those Roman conquerors who always had a naked slave whispering in their ears, "Remember, thou too art mortal," he should have a Capitol guide, one of those lusty-voiced fellows who bellow about the dimensions of the paintings that adorn the home of Congress, to apprise us in ear-filling tones about the dimensions of Dawes. He shouldn't be his own Capitol guide. He should delegate the task. There are a lot of able press agents in Washington. It is the world center of publicity.

"He is not so great a man as he thinks he is."

He has a romantic imagination about himself. In his many-sided nature there is an artist hidden under the banker, general and politician. The artist in him does not break out in flowing ties, berets, velvet coats, but it does break out in strange pipes, cigar holders a foot long, fantastic oaths and striking antics. It produced a piece of music once signed Dawes and adapted for the violin by Kreisler and to be found among phonograph records. It played the flute once, the pipe of Pan. It produces the romantically imagined Dawes, who is a greater man than the real Dawes. It clamors for attention.

I asked what Dawes read. Oh, he

reads many books about this and that and the other thing, a catholic range of an active and curious mind; "and biography about Napoleon, everything he can get about Napoleon." Always expect something unusual from the man who reads everything about Napoleon—unless he reads merely from a kind of chess player's interest in the war game. You may not like what it is, but it won't be ordinary and conventional. Be sure that such a man always romanticizes about himself.

"He capitalizes his impulses," his swiftness, his unconventionality, his courage of apparently improvised convictions, his vehement earnestness. He is like another figure, who romanticized about himself, withered all of a sudden by the fortunes of war.

His Broom Stirs the Dust

THUS he is an actor. Everybody agrees that he is an actor. A great actor? You have to be one of his friends—and he has the most devoted friends in the world—to accord him that rank. No, I am afraid there is a little of the ham actor about him. He pounds the table and shakes his fist too much. His manner is too emphatic. He strains his voice. It cracks too obviously and too often. But with it all he has gusto, and that is a great quality that covers a multitude of sins against repose and restraint.

And this ham acting explains why opinions differ so about him. One man who knows him well says he is a solid,

sober, well-balanced, unimpulsive man—all the rest is manner, acting. And the record of things done bears him out. Another, seeing only the outward semblance, says he is erratic, irresponsible, "unsafe"—oh, that damning word when applied to a Presidential possibility! Another, thin-blooded and unimaginative, remote from the charm of his personality, settles his hash rudely by saying, "Clown"—I am quoting, not striving for rhetorical effect. The Senate started with this word and ended by admiring him.

He has put himself over violently and pays the penalty for his violence. Living by the sword Stridency, he perishes by the sword. He has made us see the greatness of the man who reads "especially about Napoleon," and we wish he had trusted a little to our intelligence and imagination, our really unappeasable appetite in Washington for the discovery of greatness. It would have paid him to let us enjoy the pleasures of discoverers. We wished to sail the uncharted seas of Dawes of which we had had many prospectuses before his arrival in Washington, and he plastered the seas with signs as big and blazing as any on the Great White Way.

He should have brought a bushel to put his light under when he arrived in Washington. He had given the "Hell and Maria" testimony before the congressional committee, laughing out of countenance a pettyfogging inquiry into the expenses of the war. He had, as Director of the Budget, scolded the President and each member of the Cabinet before an assembly of bureau chiefs while giving a curtain lecture on economy. He had swept the stage of his lecture-room first with an army broom and then with a navy broom, proving by a practical demonstration that the vast engineering evidence produced by each department that it could not use the other's brooms was nonsense. As a Vice Presidential candidate he had been the enfant terrible, talking about "pee-wees," giving the stolid national chairman and the silent occupant of the White House a nervous crisis every time he packed his suit case for a campaigning trip. The Lord knows this should have been enough for even a reader of books about Napoleon. But Dawes does not know the meaning of the word enough. He had to make that speech about the Senate rules.

That speech was a mistake. If he had meant to surprise Washington, he should have arrived on the scene as subdued and unobtrusive a Vice President as Coolidge himself. As it was, it was just one too many. I think it and nothing else accounts for the words "erratic," "irresponsible," and the rougher "clown" that I think are obstacles to his becoming President—if, indeed, his heart is set on becoming President. In a few words, the "Hell and Maria" testimony was good acting. It accomplished the intended effect of ending a silly and small-minded inquiry and equally of putting over Dawes, which was also intended. The rules

speech was ham acting. It did not accomplish its intended effect of ending the rules, and it didn't put over Dawes.

The history of that speech is worth examining, for it throws a lot of light on Dawes. Long before he ever expected to become Vice President, a senator was talking with him and said that the Senate was the only legislative body that required unanimous consent to transact business.

Lord Bountiful's Underslung Pipe

THIS made a great impression upon Dawes' mind. He came from the autocratic world of business, where decisions are made quickly and where there is impatience with talk. He himself has the habit of instant decision. It seemed to him monstrous that any organized body should be so tied up with red tape that it could not reach a decision.

So the speech that came with all the vehemence of an impulse was a

rules? To Dawes? Or to both? I think we shall have to say to both. I give him full credit for sincerity in the matter of the rules, but still there remains the romantic figure of Dawes as he sees himself, and as the world may fail (unless duly nudged, prodded, poked at) to see him.

Dawes' own explanation is that he wanted results; he desired to produce the maximum of effect. But here we get into the difficult area of motive. Take the simple matter of the grotesque pipe. Did he take up with that heavy and absurd implement because the exhibitionist in him craves self-expression and advertising? Or did he do it to aid a little pipe maker with a shop near his Chicago bank to sell his wares and make his fortune? You hear both explanations, and both are probably true. At any rate, before he adopted the eccentric pipe he affected nine-inch cigar holders.

He probably wished also to play Lord Bountiful to the little pipe maker. There

teased him about being an easy mark, "Well, I should rather be fooled by nine crooks than let the tenth worthy man go unaided." To a sociologist who asked whether he had collected data about the thousands he fed in a financial panic, he replied, "Hell, man, you can't make a card index of an empty belly."

There spoke the phrase maker and a generous soul, two sides of the many-sided Dawes and one of his noblest.

You may trace the cracking voice and the explosive manner far back into his early manhood. They were not improvised to take Washington by storm when he arrived as Vice President. He never could tell a funny story—and he loves to tell funny stories—without having his voice, as he approached the laughing point, breaking into falsetto from excitement. As a banker he would sit slumped in his chair almost on his shoulder blades, his feet on the table, the picture of placid idleness. But let anything come up which stirred him, his feet would bang upon the floor, his

nose would redden with excitement and he would shout as he shouted at the Senate. You can't tell where nature ends and art begins. But you may be sure that there is art.

Roosevelt had the same tricks of falsetto from excitement. They were natural to him, and he was well aware of their effectiveness. And Roosevelt is an example always in Dawes' mind. The only reason why "about Roosevelt" is not added to that "especially about Napoleon" is that Dawes knows more about Roosevelt than is to be found in the books.

I have called him romantic. There is something even quixotic about his attitude toward Lowden in this campaign for the Presidency. It is not politics. It is a pure drama. Lowden is his friend. And friends to Dawes are as dear as brothers. He does not merely take affection as some big men do: he gives affection, and lastingly. His friendships are many and various: Ban Johnson, the baseball man; Judge Landis; General Pershing, dating back from the time when he was a young lawyer in Lincoln, Neb., and Pershing was a young military instructor out there too (a bronze bust of General Pershing adorns the Dawes bank in Chicago); Tiffany Blake, the editorial writer; J. Ogden Armour, now dead; Charlie Bryan (he wouldn't say anything against Brother Charles, the butt

of Republican attack in his campaign for the Vice Presidency), and Charlie's big brother, William Jennings.

Dawes and Bryan as young men had law offices next door to each other in Lincoln. Not having much else to do, the briefless advocates did much talking. They discussed all the issues of the day. Finally Bryan, who loves a larger audience than one, said, "Charlie, we ought to get up a joint debate. It would amuse and instruct the public." "On what subject?" asked Dawes. Bryan suggested: "Resolved, that no American citizen should be permitted by law to have more than \$100,000." One hundred (Continued on page 39)



In spite of the terrified expression, the victim really likes it

coldly considered idea of years' standing. When he had written his speech he read it to many friends, and those who agreed with him about the unwisdom and impracticality of the failure to limit debate in the Senate all said the same thing: that the speech was all right, but that the occasion of his inauguration as Vice President was inappropriate for it.

"But don't you know," asked Dawes, "that the only opportunity a Vice President ever has to say something and attract attention is on the occasion of his inauguration?"

To attract attention to what? To the monstrosity, as he saw it, of the Senate

is a certain romance in that. And, leaving out the romance, he has one of the kindest and most generous hearts that ever beat in a human breast. His givings are large, both organized and immediate. Any hard-luck tale sends his hand into his pocket.

Friends Are Dear as Brothers

HE IS known as the "easiest mark" in Chicago. He probably enjoys this reputation. But that does not explain the spontaneous opening of the pocket-book. It comes from a warm sympathy with distress.

He always replied to those who

Scribes and Fallacies

"WHERE you been the last month and a half?" asked Mr. Stubbs.

"Readin' Governor Smith's message to the New York legislature," sighed Uncle Henry. "An' I'm not half through it. I reckon there's no question now that Al's a red-hot candidate. He wouldn't have done a thing like that if he hadn't wanted to show the people that he had the dullness an' endurance to turn out the proper thing in Presidential messages."

"Do you think he wrote it himself?" asked Mr. Stubbs.

"S-h-h-h!" Uncle Henry turned white. "Not so loud. You're apt to make all sorts of trouble. What with Jack Dempsey's confession that he doesn't write the articles his name's signed to, the people's faith is already badly jarred. For heaven's sake, don't start the report that Al Smith sends his writin' out."

"We won't know what to believe. Editors will have to write in glass cages to convince suspicious readers that the stuff isn't turned out by office boys. Pete Kyne an' Zane Grey are liable to be accused of usin' doubles for their Western stuff. Did Dreiser write An American Tragedy or call in a plumber? An' these young things who're breakin' into print with Novels of Revolt? Are the books written by their governesses?"

"If distrust once starts, even the tremendous literary figures of the past are likely to be dragged from honored pedestals. What of Lydia Pinkham, Doctor Munyon an' Doc Pierce an' all the noble bearded array of the cured?"

"Ah, well, while faith crumbles an'

"Pull off a crime of passion, swim a channel or stay on a flagpole an' you're ranked along with Shakespeare. A writer is jes' a person sent from an employment agency"

Uncle Henry

great literary reputations fall to pieces with a sodden bang, there's one rock to which people can still cling—we know that Calvin W. Coolidge wrote Have Faith in Massachusetts. Nobody else could or would.

"Times have certainly changed, 'Lonzo. In the old days contributors used nom de plumes such as Vox Populi, Constant Reader an' Pro Bono Publico.

Lives Hang on a Fast Press

"IT'S not that way today. In these modern times everybody's so proud of bein' a literary genius that they sign their names blindfolded, or if they can't write make their marks without even lookin' at the paper. On every side you see people tradin' in literature sight unseen, keepin' their brains in somebody else's name, an' dashin' off masterpieces by the absent treatment. A writer, 'Lonzo, is jes' a person sent up from the employment agency.

"No wonder illiteracy is on the increase in American universities, an'



To make sure the editor's stuff isn't the office boy's

that McGuffey's Fourth Reader is now a postgraduate course in most colleges. What's the point in gettin' an education? The royal road to literature may have run through the classics once upon a time, but now it's got as many detours as a national highway when the tourist travel is heaviest.

"To be a writer nowadays all you've got to do is to pull off a crime of passion, develop a right cross that's a sleep producer, hit a flock of home runs, swing a mean tennis racket, roll a marble from coast to coast, swim a channel, stay on top of a flagpole for thirty days, eat five thousand dill pickles in four hours, fifteen minutes an' six seconds, an' inside of a day you're ranked along with Shakespeare.

"Such geniuses as these should worry whether they know a predicate from a participle or bother about such technicalities as commas, periods an' beginnin' every sentence with a capital letter. Bright an' early next mornin' they're waited upon by Mr. Moe Sullivan of the Four X Newspaper Syndicate trundlin' a wheelbarrow loaded down with gold an' bills an' bearin' authority to make an offer for their entire literary product on the hoof.

"I don't know of anything that has gone ahead faster than the newspaper business. I can remember when people had to wait for things to happen, but now that every daily operates its presses on a hair-trigger attachment, suspense has been cut out entirely. Revolutions break out, candidacies are announced an' flyers arrive at their destination days in advance of the fact, thus savin' both anxiety an' time.

"Reliability's all right, but people can't be kept waitin' for their news. The ten minutes required for verification might cost the lives of thousands. Until the extra comes out, containin' up-to-the-minute guesses, the citizenship of the United States is in an awful state, unable to do anything but pace the floor, wring hands an' stick heads out of windows, tortured by anguished uncertainty as to who's been killed, divorced, sued or exposed.

"Look how the press has lifted larceny to a point where it ranks with progress an' enterprise? Back in the

days of Greeley an' Dana bein' a star reporter was a comparatively simple thing. Aside from coverin' the hotels, courts an' undertakers, all he had to have was a foot big enough to keep the door from closin' on it, an' the ability to convince people that it was better to give him the facts than have the paper print a garbled version.

"In these modern times, however, a reporter must be a man of many an' varied accomplishments. I was lookin' over the curriculum of a school of journalism the other day, an' I see where it's got courses in porch climbin', safe crackin', second-story work an' the use of skeleton keys, an' no pupil graduates until he proves his worth by takin' photographs off the wall without wakin' the family or lootin' a letter file while the owner's in the next room.

Freedom in Slow Judgments

"NO WONDER letter writin' is a lost art, 'Lonzo. Anybody takin' his pen in hand these days is a fool, that is, unless he has a good safe place to bury his correspondence. Newspaper enterprise has reached a pitch where I don't even keep advertisin' circulars any more, burnin' 'em up at once for fear I'll wake some mornin' to find myself pilloried in the press for my criminal negotiations with the Linoleum Trust for a consignment of oilcloth."

"I'm for the freedom of the press as much as anybody," declared Mr. Stubbs, "but blamed if there ain't such a thing as carryin' it too far. What if I busted into a house, stealin' photographs an' letters, an' went around circulatin' all sorts of libelous reports, sayin' I got 'em from a high authority? Why, dang it, they'd have me in jail before you could say Jack Robinson."

"The laws of the country afford ample protection against libel," answered Uncle Henry. "All you've got to do is to get twelve jurors who don't care what the papers say about 'em, an' then find a judge who isn't comin' up for reelection. If the suit is filed in your teens, you've got a splendid chance to have the judgment rendered against you before you're eighty."



"Moe makes an offer for his entire literary product on the hoof"

What Could be Simpler?

By
MARIE
BEYNON
RAY

The Modernist
idea: table and
other appoint-
ments designed
by the Frankl
Galleries



John O. Trowern

Our furniture of the future may be "Modernist." If it is, our homes and offices will be more beautiful and more comfortable than they ever were

of furniture from the past is as inappropriate in a modern apartment house as a skyscraper would be in the gardens of Versailles. A new architecture and a new style of dress demand, as always, a new type of interior decoration.

A new style is bound to come some time (surely the last style in decoration has not been created) and this is a logical, an inevitable time for the change.

Perhaps what we are now being offered by some of the foremost artists and craftsmen of the day is the forerunner of that new type. Certainly some of it is ugly—and coarse and puerile; and, unfortunately, that is what the public is most likely to see in public places as representative of the new movement. But

it would be safe to challenge anyone of taste to see the examples of Modernist furniture at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, certain exquisite houses and apartments in America or the magnificent new liner Ile de France and remain unconvinced to this new form of beauty.

Take one man's bedroom—one tired business man's: walls lined from floor to ceiling in a smooth stretch of polished Circassian walnut, no molding at the top, no baseboard at the bottom; windows outside of which are concealed electric bulbs from which, as night comes on, light spreads as softly as the dawn; a carpet like sealskin; a bed low as a general's near the field of battle (a single, sweeping curve of creamy marble with no disturbing decoration and just a beige velvet cover flung over it); two plush chairs into which one sinks and sinks and sinks until, by the time one reaches the bottom, one is asleep (one chair seal brown and one beige), and two or three other necessary substantial, utterly undecorated pieces of furniture of wood beautiful as marble—isn't that just about what a man expects of a room? And that is what modern decoration gives him. It is essentially a masculine type of decoration.

And now the modern lady. What use has she for the swelling chests of drawers that held the laboriously acquired trousseau of starched linens and laces,

bristling with modesty—she who now wears a single silken undergarment the size of a pocket handkerchief? How is she, slithery as an eel, to sit becomingly in a chair designed to be inundated with a pool of satin? Undoubtedly this modern lady needs a different sort of room from her grandmother's. Here is one designed for her:

It has pale green walls on which hangs one Marie Laurencin and no more; chairs that are a single curve in one piece of silvered wood; a compact little dressing table, with just room enough for her knees, with a single curved slab of silvered wood running across the top and down the rounded sides as smoothly as a scarf and nothing on it but two globular, frosted-glass lamps with white parchment shades; a day bed in dull and burnished silver, with legs like a bird's clipped wing and a pink satin cover sprinkled with black confetti—all set serenely on a gray rug. That's the effect—smooth, sleek serenity, due to the absence of every non-essential.

Does anything described so far seem eccentric? Startlingly different, perhaps—just as we ourselves are startlingly different, but different primarily because of simplification.

The Modern Spirit

BUT could anything, some will ask, be simpler than our own beautiful Early American? In a way, no—but it can be simple in a different way. And Modernist furniture has at least this advantage over our own first great period in furniture: it's a whole lot more comfortable.

Our office buildings are like nothing abroad. Might there not be office furniture, designed by artists especially for a modern American business man overlooking the world from his thirty-story steel-and-concrete skyscraper? Let us see.

He is a broker. There is an entrance hall—a simple circular room with fluted columns running smoothly from floor to ceiling without bases, without capitals. "For," says the decorator, "this is not a one-story (Continued on page 48)"

"MONSIEUR DE MONVEL, your apartment is exquisite. Never have I seen so many beautiful bits of the past so charmingly put together. Everything is perfect. How I envy you!"

"Don't," said M. Bernard Boutet de Monvel, "I don't envy myself. I'd give the whole thing for one room of Modernist furniture."

"Monsieur de Monvel! Really! Modernist furniture may be all right but—well, after all—"

How much of it have you seen? Monsieur de Monvel wishes to know.

Well—not much, perhaps—still, enough—

"Have you seen the Swedish?" he insists. "The French? The German? The Viennese? In the galleries? In the museums? In private houses? In the dressmaking houses in Paris? . . . Well, then, you haven't seen enough. No one loves the past more than I, but a new beauty has come into the world, and I'm jealous of it."

That was three years ago.

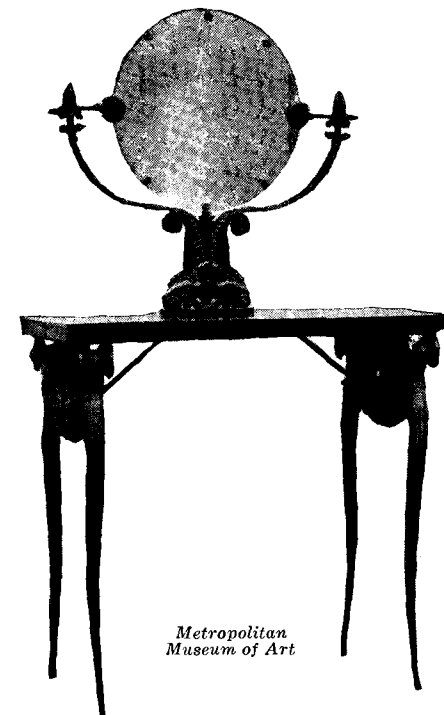
Now Monsieur de Monvel has his Modernist furniture in his new house in Paris, and even the most prejudiced would be beguiled. A dining-room built of sunbeams—walls of radiant mirrors and windows, a huge table all scintillant mirrors, imprisoning sunshine, and one charming gesture to the past in a beautiful Venetian luster—who could

resist its sparkling appeal? Indeed, we need only see this new furniture with open minds to be won over. Ardent lovers of the beauty of the past are its easiest, most enthusiastic conquests. Those who know little and feel less of the charm of old furniture are the most prejudiced against this new development. Without this continuous open-mindedness, how would a new period ever have been created in the past? How would those whose eyes were accustomed to the elaborate decorations of monarchical France ever have dared the classic simplicity of the Directoire?

Beauty in New Guise

WE HAVE come to a break in the centuries—have reached a new age as startlingly different from all past ages as was, for example, the Renaissance in its day. We live in a new world—no need to describe it—where little is as it was fifty years ago.

Was there ever before in the world anything like the dress women wear today—a style of clothing that for comfort, practicability, swiftness and naturalness surpasses anything that has ever been achieved either for women or for men? A lady in the dress of today looks as out of place in a Louis XV chair as a Louis XV lady would look in a modern office building; and any style



Metropolitan
Museum of Art

New beauty of the Machine
Age: all-metal dressing table

Free, White and Female

Marty gets her first wild taste of the wicked city

The Story Thus Far:

MR. TIMOLEON BUNDY and his four sons (two pairs of twins) come up against a difficult problem when their sister, Martha, comes home from college and announces that she is through with Family and is going to New York to live her own life.

They let her go, promising each other to keep an eye on her. They are going into Long Island real estate in order to make a lot of money.

The Blades, enemies because Mortimer Blade's great-grandfather seduced the Bundy boys' great-grand-aunt, live near the Bundys. Blade has asked Marty if he may call on her in New York and she has said yes if he can find her.

She goes to live in a woman's hotel and meets an attractive girl named Jerry Breen. One afternoon Jerry takes her to a tea given by an artist named Prouty. Marty awaits the opening of the door with bated breath, thinking that a new life is opening to her.

By CLARENCE
BUDINGTON
KELLAND

A VERY tall young man with straw-colored hair revealed himself as the door opened. His face was long, his eyes were gray and likable, and his features were so arranged that always he seemed upon the point of saying something quizzical. He threw wide the door with a gesture and said solemnly, "Advance, Jerry, with friend, and give the countersign."

Unconcernedly Jerry raised her face for his casual kiss. Martha wondered if this were a part of the ritual to which she must submit, but Banks Prouty allayed her apprehension.

"You have to earn 'em," he said. "I don't throw my kisses about. Lots of times I don't kiss girls until the second time I see them. Have you a name or do you travel incognito, and if you pose for the figure I can use you tomorrow morning at nine."

"Her name," said Jerry, "is Miss Bundy, and she doesn't pose, and she's used only to the milder forms of lunacy. . . . Who's coming?"

"An architect who wears a mustache, relapses into heaven, home and mother when he feels the pull of temptation, and who otherwise is a dead loss. Name of Wilson. Elverson Ferris, the writing sport, and a couple of dumb but beautiful girls for scenery. You furnish the nerve and intelligence. Come and sit and meet—"

Martha did not catch the name of the man she was to meet, nor did it become clear to her as she entered the lofty but narrow studio with its curtained north light. A young man arose from a low sofa sort of thing where he had been sitting, and she caught her breath. It was Mortimer Blade! . . . But no, it was not Mortimer Blade, though they were as alike as two clothespins except for the eyes. Mortimer's eyes were a steely blue; this young man's were brown and not piercing. But the resemblance was startling, upsetting. The name, she thought, sounded French. . . . He was taking her hand in a clasp which was, quite incomprehensibly, reassuring and wholesome.

"The name was—" he asked.

"Bundy."

She quivered with fury. "Oh, I hate you! I despise you! You'll leave me alone from this on!"

"Smacks of the Revolution and cocked hats and Yankee Doodle," he said.

"You startled me," she said. "I believe in fairies and ghosts and such things, but I never had any faith in doubles."

"Am I a double?" he asked, inviting her to seat herself on the sofa.

"You are most remarkably such," she said.

"Then," he said, "some man is singularly fortunate. May I ask his name?"

"Blade," she said. "Mortimer Blade. I've seen him but once since I was a little girl and he was a boy, but if you could change your eyes to blue and sharpen your expression a little you could impersonate him in full sunlight."

"Ah!" he said in a tone which seemed a bit flat. "I wonder if one would wish to? Where does this lucky man inhabit around?"

"Long Island," she said. "A neighbor of ours."

"And may one ask," he inquired after eying her with peculiar intentness,

hangings on his studio wall and wears funny pants and a smock. Art artists are the dregs."

THE bell jangled and conversation languished until Prouty returned with an ugly man of middle age who needed a haircut, and presented him as Elverson Ferris. Martha was elated. Here was a name! Ferris stood among the upper group of writing men of the country, a distinguished figure. He seemed rather diffident and embarrassed as he entered and was presented, whereupon he took a seat, lighted a cigarette and became abysmally silent. . . . A few minutes later two girls arrived, one dark and opulent, with smoldering eyes and a discontented, questing face; the other blond, and vapid in her per-

"what a Long Island Bundy is doing hanging around the studios?"

She frowned at what seemed a criticism, but answered without sharpness. "Because one becomes fed up with Long Island Bundys," she said. "And why not studios?"

"It's not exactly débutante stuff," he said.

"Who's a débutante?" demanded Prouty. "Look here, Jerry, if your friend is pulling the débutante line, tell her to lay off. It's cold. And wet. We love 'em here for their pretty eyes and fetching ways, not for their family trees or because Papa owns an apartment house in Philadelphia."

"Mine was the fault," said Martha's companion, coming to her rescue. "I introduced the hated word and got snubbed for it."

"I didn't," said Martha. "But why shouldn't a débutante come to tea in a studio if a débutante wanted to?"

"Déclassé," said Jerry. "An artist isn't respectable unless he paints portraits and has funny-colored



fections. Then arrived the architect Wilson, a cocky little man with Kiwanis mannerisms. He rubbed his hands together and smiled blandly and seemed about to break out into an address.

"Shake 'em up," said Prouty to the newcomer, "you're barkeep. The necessities are in the pantry."

"If I was a rich author," Prouty said as the cocktail shaker came in, "I'd have a silver one. But being a dub artist I go in for the chaster aluminum."

"Oh, I don't know," Ferris said. "Seems as if I heard about an artist getting two thousand a crack for drawings of ladies in silk stockings."

"There's where the money is," agreed Martha's companion. "But how does a fellow snuggle up to it?"

"Salesmanship," said Ferris. "One part art and three parts ability to sell it. That goes for all of us."

"But you don't sell. You told me so yourself. Somebody does the dirty work for you."

"Sure. Tompkins. Agent. He's the sellingest man on earth, and the price-gettingest."

"Now, I," said Prouty, "can turn out the stuff—if I can get it to do. I'm good. I admit it. But I hate dickering and running around to art editors and advertising people. I can't. I'm no good at it."

"Use an agent."

"There ain't no sich animile—not that amounts to anything. Wish there was."

"I'll bet," said Ferris, "that Tompkins cleans up better than a hundred thousand a year in commissions. Of course he handles some good men who command prices."

"Do you mean," asked Martha, "that he sells stories for authors—the way a traveling man sells soap?"

"More so," said Ferris.

"And"—she hesitated—"do you think an agent could do the same for artists?"

"Sure of it."

MARTHA turned to Prouty. "If you could find someone to do that for you, would you use him?"

"You bet."

Martha's mind was busy with an idea. . . . And the idea carried her back to Long Island. It was a solution—if it proved feasible. She would show them—those Bundys—that she was capable; that family backing was not necessary to her. She saw her way now, perceived her opportunity, and she wanted to get away and to talk it over. With Jerry Breen.

"You are distraught," said her companion suddenly.

"I was thinking."

"Not allowed. We don't think after office hours. And you've only touched your cocktail. Don't be afraid. It's good gin. Prouty makes it himself."

"Haven't you any Scotch?" asked the vapid one.

"The morning after the Beaux Arts Ball," said the dark girl with the smoldering eyes, "I got fourteen telegrams. This was to the architect.

"I saw you making a large hit."

"I didn't answer any of them," she said disdainfully. "I don't like being bothered."

"Natalie's being upstage," said Prouty. "She's a very superior person who just poses in her spare time while she prepares for grand opera. Besides that she's in love with a man whose wife's always listening for the telephone bell to ring."

"He's been sick for two weeks," Natalie said, "and I've had no way of getting word from him."

"Your morals are punk," said Prouty.

Illustrated by
T. D.
SKIDMORE



The girls walked down the gloomy corridor. "What do you think of the wicked life?" Jerry asked

"They're not," said Natalie. "I love him."

"Suppose we go to an expert," said Prouty. "Jerry, what about this moral thing?"

Jerry's big eyes turned upon him; her face was very serious. "I think we have a right to do what we want to do very much," she said, "if we can do it without hurting somebody else."

"The trouble," said Martha's companion, "is that we are so snarled up with each other that we can do almost nothing without affecting someone else."

"What I do's my own business," said the vapid one.

"Have you any ideas, Miss Bundy?" asked Prouty.

"I don't like laws," she said.

"None of us do, but we have to obey some of them," said her companion.

"I think," she said, "I should let the occasion decide for me. I might cross the bridge, and I might wade the river."

"Suppose," said Natalie, "you were very much in love with a man, and he loved you—but he was married."

"I can't," said Martha, dodging the issue, "imagine being in love with a man."

Again the bell rang, and Prouty went to the door. A masculine voice asked for someone by a name which sounded like Lomme.

"He's here," said Prouty; "won't you come in?"

"Thank you," said the voice, and in an instant a young man entered, followed by the artist. Martha gasped, expressions of astonishment exhibited themselves on other faces, for the young

man in the door might as well have been the young man who sat by Martha's side. . . . It was Mortimer Blade.

"Friend to see you, Lame," said Prouty.

Martha's companion was frowning; not disconcerted, but patently annoyed. He arose.

"Mr. Prouty, Mr. Blade," he said, and then presented Mortimer to the others in turn, arriving at last at Martha.

"And Miss Bundy," he said.

Mortimer bowed. "I told you I would find you," he said, "but I hardly looked for you here. . . . Oh, we're old friends," he said to Mr. Lame. "Babies together out on Long Island." There was something saturnine in his eyes as he spoke; something ironical but at the same time inquiring. He did not seem altogether to be satisfied with this method of meeting Martha again.

"You men look as much alike as the

"is Mr. Lame's name? How does he spell it?"

"It's French," said Prouty. "Spells it L-a-m-e, and pronounces it Lomme."

Jerry stood up and pulled down her short skirt. "I've got to go. Got a dinner date."

"Make him wait," said Prouty.

She shook her head. "My line's dependability," she said.

"I'll go with you," said Martha.

AS THEY entered the lobby the two young men who talked there became silent. One would judge from their faces that the conversation had not been of the most genial, for Lame's features were set and a little pale; Blade's cheeks were flushed as if with anger, and his eyes glittered. They bowed and stood aside.

"Expect me very soon," Blade said to Martha as the door closed after them.

The girls walked down the gloomy corridor to the elevator, and as they stood waiting Jerry asked, "Well, what do you think of the wicked life of the studios?"

"I didn't care for the girls, and the architect seemed rather a flop," Martha said, "but I liked the others. Especially Mr. Lame."

. . . And, Jerry, I've an idea. I think there's something in it."

"Spill it," said Jerry.

"Establish an agency for artists. Sell their stuff as an agent sells an author's work. It'll take some planning and working up, but it's there. . . . It's—it's more dignified than being a model."

"I'm not so rotten dignified," said Jerry.

"There's money in it, and a future."

Jerry considered. "I know a mess of artists," she said, "but how about the other end—the buyers?"

"That," said Martha, "will be up to us. There must be ways."

"Do you mean," Jerry asked, "that you want me in?"

"It will take two," said Martha.

"You know nothing about me."

"What do you know about me?"

"And there you are. . . . Here's the elevator. . . . I've got to do something, my dear, and this may be it. . . ."

Their hotel was but a few moments' walk. Here they parted in the elevator as Martha alighted at the lower floor.

"We'll talk it out in the morning," said Jerry. "Got to hurry and dress for a hard night."

"Thanks for taking me along this afternoon."

Jerry shrugged her shoulders as the door closed and the elevator went on its upward way.

Martha unlocked her door, but paused on the threshold, paused startled, almost with a sense of premonition. For suddenly two things had clicked into juxtaposition. . . . His name was Lame. And, in the French language, which she had mastered in boarding school and college, the word *lame* signified *blade*.

Then Mr. Lame was Mr. Blade translated!

(Continued on page 40)

Stamp Followers



George V, big collector, but only of British issues

You can keep on paying 2 cents for your stamps; or, if you want to do things in a big way, you can pay \$40,000 for one. Arthur Hind did, but it won't carry a letter

By HUGH LEAMY

YOU might well have expected to find it in the innermost recesses of a vault, preserved under glass and perhaps attended by a liveried manservant. But no; my host turned a page of the album that lay on his desk, and there it was, a bit of magenta paper about an inch square. Just another stamp in a volume of them—but the rarest, costliest stamp in all the world. It was the only known copy of the British Guiana one-cent issued in 1856, and Arthur Hind, wealthy manufacturer of Utica, N. Y., paid about \$40,000 (if you include the tax) for it at an auction in Paris.

Arthur Hind is the foremost collector of postage stamps in the United States. At the New York International Philatelic Exposition in 1926 he exhibited in five different classes: General Collection of United States, Spain, Mauritius, Indian Native and Federatory States, and rarities, receiving first award in each class. There are hundreds of thousands of stamps in his private collection, the value of which totals millions of dollars.

Of the rarities listed by C. J. Phillips, recognized authority, Hind owns copies of about 75 per cent of the fifty rarest, and when you consider that these fifty stamps on the Phillips list have a total valuation conservatively set at \$400,000, you can see how easily this business of collecting stamps can run into money.

Well, there's Arthur Hind at one end of the philatelic tape measure. At the other is your schoolboy with a cheap pocket album

and his first 10-cent envelope of assorted stamps. Between them lie a million and a half collectors served by about 2,000 dealers in the United States alone who make their living from a hobby that is gaining new enthusiasts at a rate estimated by one of the biggest dealers at 50,000 a year.

So far as stamp collecting is concerned this writer takes the attitude of *chacun à son goût*—which is seven-dollar phraseology for "If That's Your Idea of a Wonderful Time, Take Me Home."

Still—\$40,000 for one stamp. There must be something in it. So I asked Arthur Hind: "Would you mind saying why this diminutive scrap of paper was worth around \$40,000 to you?"

"Well," he answered, "in the first place for fifty-five years it has been conceded to be the only existent copy of that issue. It is a regularly issued stamp and beyond doubt authentic. And it helps to make my collection more complete." (He might have added that he had the \$40,000—but he didn't.)

Why Do People Collect Anything?

INCIDENTALLY I asked a well-known dealer later what would be the effect on the valuation of the Hind rarity if a duplicate were to turn up.

"One duplicate," said he, "wouldn't lower the market price at all. It would probably fetch just about the same price. But more than one would cut it down to around \$15,000."

"Any one of the many wealthy collectors who are envious of Hind would jump at the chance to buy the only duplicate, but unless he could buy an equal share in Hind's distinction he wouldn't pay anything like the price that Hind paid."

The story of how Mr. Hind developed into a stamp bug is just the story of how they all get that way—only, being financially in a position to do it, he got just a little bit more so.

He began with a small collection purchased because he wanted something to occupy his lonely evenings when he first came to the United States forty years ago to found a plush factory. Now he spends four or five days each week inspecting, listing and cataloguing his stamps. Were he to stop purchasing specimens now, he told me, he would still have five or six years' work ahead of him just sorting, listing and arranging in his albums those he now has on hand loose.

When Hind acquired the British Guiana prize it was reported that he had outbid King George of England for it. But it wasn't so. His Majesty, although an enthusiastic collector, didn't enter the lists for the world's costliest stamp. The runner-up was an Alsatian named Burrus, who dropped out at \$30,000.

This stamp was found in 1872 by Vernon Vaughn, then a boy collector, in British Guiana. He was searching through some old enve-

lopes in the attic of his home when he came across the specimen. He wasn't much impressed by it, as it was not a particularly good copy and it was cut octagonally. However, he placed it in his album. Not long afterward, being in need of pocket money, he took it to a dealer who grudgingly gave him six shillings for it, the while impressing young Vaughn with the fact that he was overpaying him.

Six years later this dealer sold his entire collection, including the one-cent magenta, to the late Thomas Ridpath of Liverpool, England, for about \$600. Some time afterward Ridpath sold the stamp to Count Philip Ferrary of Paris for a little more than \$600. Count Ferrary died during the World War, bequeathing his stamp collection to the Postal Museum of Berlin. It was seized by the French Government, however, and sold at auction over a period of four years. The total amount which was real-

from a red aniline dye named after Marshal MacMahon, who won the battle of Magenta for the French in 1859—if that means anything to you.

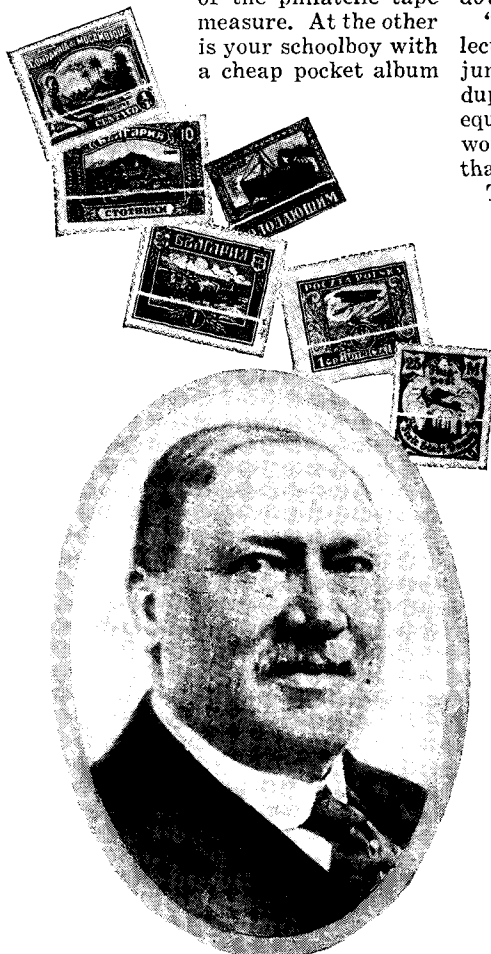
You'd think that the futility of trying to achieve so ambitious a collection as Hind's would discourage other collectors from even setting out. But apparently it doesn't. There are three general groups of philatelists. The first specializes in rare or costly issues. The second is made up of dealer-collectors who make a neat little profit out of their hobby. The third consists of the great army of general collectors.

Within these groups there are scores of smaller ones. Some specialize in stamps of a single country. King George, for instance, confines his interest to British postal issues. King Fuad of Egypt prizes stamps of his own country and is known to have a very fine Confederate States collection. Then there are those who want only uncanceled stamps. And there are philatelists who seek postmarked stamps bearing the date of their birth or marriage or some other occasions of importance to the individual. You can get dizzy listing them.

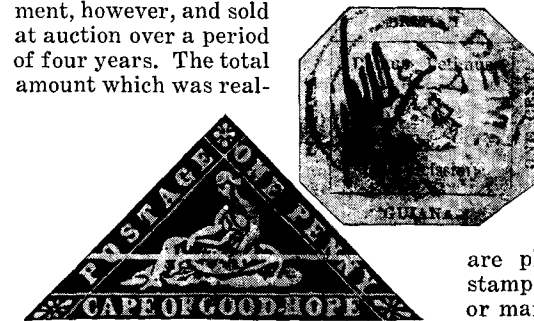
Probably most people, old or young, when they begin to collect stamps, do so without any idea of making money out of it or achieving collections that shall be the envy and despair of other philatelists. Why they begin is a question that takes you back to the broader one: why do people collect ANYTHING? And beyond remarking that it probably goes back to the magpie, let's leave that to the psychologists.

Blunders Are Money-Makers

DESPITE a popular impression to the contrary, age alone doesn't make a stamp valuable. Many stamps that are quite old as postage adhesives go aren't worth their face value. Mr. Hind, for instance, can tell you of a Utica woman, a widow, who had treasured some mint 2-cent revenue stamps issued in the 60's until quite recently. She believed them to be of enormous value because of their age, but when she was finally forced to seek a buyer for them she found that the catalogue value of such stamps was 1 cent each. (Continued on page 47)



Arthur Hind already owns millions of dollars' worth of stamps



This, costing 2c., is worth \$75. Right (1c.), Hind's \$40,000 prize

ized from the auction was £1,400,000.

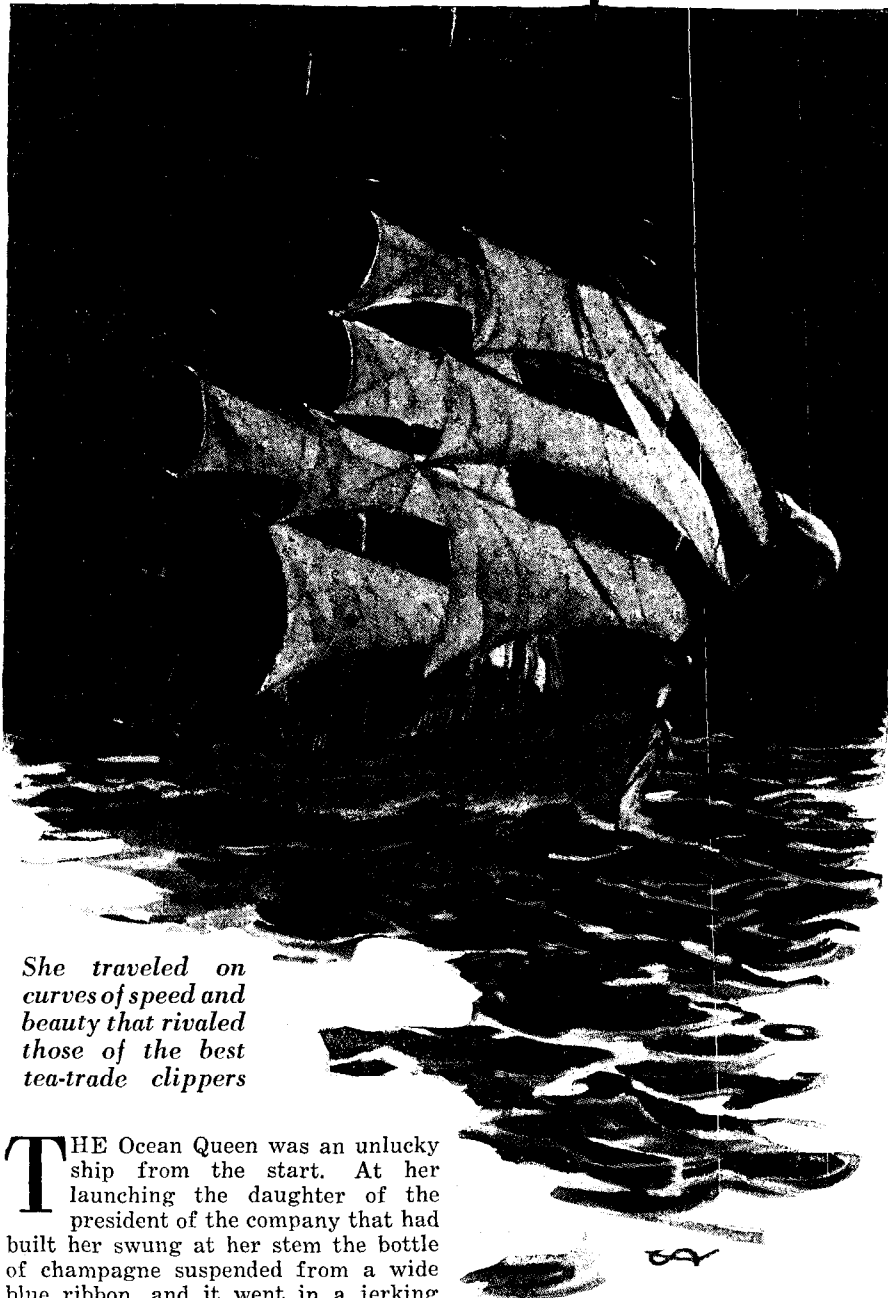
Now, you can't go out and pay \$40,000 for a canceled postage stamp without incurring a certain amount of criticism. Mr. Hind got his share of it. The public, which can understand paying fabulous prices for tapestries or paintings or statues, can't quite grasp the idea of any stamp being worth any such sum as that. One English clergyman denounced Hind in a published conceit in which he pictured the manufacturer being interviewed by St. Peter thus:

"Have you visited the poor, comforted the sick, relieved the distressed?"

"Well, no, I didn't really have time. But I have here the 1-cent British Guiana for which I paid more than £7,000. Even His Majesty King George congratulated me personally on having acquired it."

"I see. Well, such tiny fragments of paper will burn readily in hell."

Incidentally, the color of the stamp in question—magenta—takes its name



She traveled on curves of speed and beauty that rivaled those of the best tea-trade clippers

THE Ocean Queen was an unlucky ship from the start. At her launching the daughter of the president of the company that had built her swung at her stem the bottle of champagne suspended from a wide blue ribbon, and it went in a jerking arc that sent the stout bottom of the container glancing against the prow. It failed to break. The girl was obliged to take the bottle by its neck and smash it. More of the sparkling wine splashed upon her new gown—ruining it—than on the Ocean Queen, and tears of mortification ran over her lashes.

That night she quarreled with her fiancé—which may or may not have been coincidence. But the Ocean Queen had been christened with tears and, kin to brine though they might be, they made the wiseacres shake their heads when they talked it over later.

That was after the ship stuck on the ways. Men darted forward with sleds and mallets and presently she slid down to the inlet and rode jauntily enough, a gallant sight, for all her lack of spars and fabric. The owners were men who followed the way of the sea, some of them had known the deep-water trails of it and, though the days of clipper ships was past, of stirring races home with tea and silk and furs, she was built along those lines and her hull was beautiful, with an entry almost as clean as a knife and sweet lines along her run.

But the wiseacres shook their heads. She was an "unlucky hooker."

On her initial trip, narrowly missing the bulk of an iceberg in the "blink," she smashed her rudder on a submerged buttress of the mass and came limping into port.

Next she ran down a Gloucester fishing schooner. There were men lost, a dispute about fog signals, and an official inquiry.

The third trip she crossed the path of a hurricane off Cuba, sprung her fore-

sail yard and the mizzenmast shifted in its step.

Then she caught fire in her galley—that was the fault of a drunken cook—suffering much damage to canvas, yards and rigging on her main before they got the conflagration under control.

By this time she was known as The Hoodoo. She was sold to a concern on the Pacific Coast.

Fog and current set her ashore not far from Point Concepcion, California. When the tug got her off at high tide she was strained so badly that she had to go into dry dock.

Twenty miles out from Iquique, Chile, the lookout, blinded with horizontal spume on a dark and dirty night, failed to see a nearly submerged mass of wreckage until she smashed into it. Salvaged, repaired and once more outfitted, the Ocean Queen set out for Sydney with a mixed cargo, prepared to bring back another in exchange.

SUBMARINE quakes had raised an uncharted reef on the line west of the Galápagos, and she put back to a South American port. There was plague in the port, though the authorities had not officially recognized or announced that fact. Chips was first to run a high fever and discover the buboes under his armpits and over his groin.

There were seven more down, besides the first mate, when they crossed the path of the typhoon—and the cargo shifted. The Ocean Queen went into quarantine at Sydney with her skipper dying, the second mate trying to carry on with the terror-stricken remnant of

Scum of

"I'll take him," said the skipper.

"I'll take the nigger. Husky, and he's a chantey man. The one with the gray whiskers, Andrews, he's been able in his day. The larrikin next to him is a bad egg. I'll lay half of 'em are wanted this minute."

"I'll take Andrews, as long as he knows the ropes."

"Mixed pickles, the rest of 'em," said the mate. "Jest as lief choose 'em in the dark."

Holliday gave terse opinion.

"Scum! Scum of the sea! There ain't any more sailors nowadays, mister. But we'll do our best to teach 'em."

"Aye," said Sullivan, "we'll do our best."

He put his tongue in his leathery cheek and winked at Brookes, who had just come on deck. He took the captain's watch and he was interested.

"No violence, mind," said Holliday. "No complaints when we reach Frisco. This ship has a bad name. I'm goin' to give her a good one. She's a sweet sailor, or I don't know one. We're goin' to drive the hoodoo out of her an' make a record trip. I look to the two of you to assist me. But no violence. No belayin' pins."

They had both heard this sort of talk before and knew what it implied. Sullivan was as compact as if he had been made of steel and rubber. He knew when and where and how to strike and kick without crippling. Brookes had a bulb of leather on the end of a thong in his hip pocket, the bulb filled with lead shot, a markless blackjack. Their faces were stolid as they listened, watching the line of sea scum—frowsy, unshaven, shuffling, half defiant—save for Wilson, A. B., erect and neat and vigilant—and the smiling Negro, willing and competent, showing his white teeth in his good-natured black face.

"I'll take the chap with the red singlet," said Sullivan. "Step out, you! What's your name? Smith? It would be. Get over there alongside Jamaica Joe."

The two lines slowly formed.

IT WAS the first watch below. The pitching fo'c's'le reeked with the blended odors of the untrimmed lamp, rank tobacco, clothes too long worn, the sweat of unclean men. The Slav, Balta, had brought a bottle aboard, by some miracle untouched. He called it vodka, but it was crude alcohol, slightly diluted, flavored with prune juice. It went the



the Sea By J. ALLAN DUNN

rounds, shared by all but Wilson. The others were still half drunk from their shore debauchery. Andrews, old and stiff, worn out by seagoing, his skin shaggy as bark and the color of tobacco leaves, crooned in a senile pipe:

*"A ro-o-vin', a ro-o-vin';
Rovin' has bin my ruin.
I'll go no more a ro-o-vin'
With thee, fair maid."*

The face of the larrikin, vicious, rat-eyed, the frontal line of his cresting, greasy hair irregular, his teeth scalloped, wide apart and stained, appeared over the edge of his upper bunk.

"Stow the yap!" he cried. "Stow yore bleedin' yap!"

He hurled a boot. It struck Andrews on his faltering lips, and a crimson trickle started, dripping on the unkempt beard.

THE old man was slow, but he had spirit. He spat blood and tobacco juice into the sawdust-filled kid, bent, picked up the boot and flung it back, hitting the larrikin on his elbow. He leaped out of his bunk, in his frazzled underwear, landing like a cat, a knife in his hand.

"I'll 'ave yore guts fer that!" he yelled. "I'll cut the bloody 'eart out of you!"

Wilson caught his wrist, twisting the bones until the knife fell to the deck, where he set his foot on it, picked up the struggling hoodlum and flung him bodily into his bunk.

"We'll have none of that, Harris," he said slowly. "No knife play, matey. Not aboard ship. I'll take care of this."

"Give me back my knife, you bastard!"

"Termorrer, mebbe, if you're sober."

"Yah, you lady lover! Spoony over a blarsted gal, he is, mateys. Got 'er picture nailed in 'is bunk. Yah!"

The retort had no bones in it. Few went to sea without the photograph of a woman to brag about, advertising cartes of street and crib women, most of them, with endearing and obscene terms scrawled on them. Wilson's was not that kind nor was he discussing it. The door opened, and the second mate appeared.

"Inspection!" he said sharply. Wilson and Andrews stood up, the latter with a touch of his wispy forelock. The others slowly followed their example, except those who were in their bunks.

It was a swift, incisive look that

*Even an unlucky ship and a
good-for-nothing crew may re-
deem themselves*

Holliday gave as he stood in the companionway, thickset, red-haired and red of clipped beard, eyes gray-green as a combing sea. He kicked the empty bottle with his foot.

"No more of that," he said. "If there's any more aboard, it goes overside. You'll see to it, Mr. Brookes."

The skipper called, and he went out with a last sentence, "You'll be better behaved when I'm through with you, my lads."

"A rotten lot," he said to the first mate later, relieving him. "Don't know a brace from a halyard or a clew from a capstan. What we'll do if we run into dirty weather, I dunno."

"Skipper'll teach 'em," said Sullivan. "You an' me an' 'Four Bells' Holliday'll teach 'em."

"Oh, we'll teach 'em," said Brookes wearily and spat over the side. "But I'm sick of teachin' 'scum,' as the Old Man called 'em. They need skimmin'!"

Harris ran athwart Brookes' hawse that night.

"When I say lively, my lad, I mean it," said the mate. "Next time you'll get more."

The larrikin, savage with the jarring pain of the well-delivered, powerful kick as he malingered over a rope, turned a snarling face, and Brookes grinned. His hand dropped to his hip.

"Something you wanted to say to me?" he asked softly.

"No."

"No, sir."

The rat eyes shone like green spangles reflecting the starboard side light. The blackjack came out, the thong about the mate's wrist as he swung the weapon.

"Sir."

"That's much better, my lad. You'll learn. Now git for'ard. Lively!"

He was not a bully, not actually a

The Portuguese, mistaking Brookes' orders, made an extra effort to keep clear. It was a bad blunder

*Illustrated by
COURTNEY
ALLEN*



bucko, nor was Sullivan. But the ship was theirs to rule. They knew men and those who, perhaps, were not quite men. The ship had to be handled.

When Wilson turned in he looked at the picture thumbtacked to the side of his bunk. The photograph of a woman, fond and true, a lass who loved a sailor, who was waiting for him to return. He was going to quit the sea—for sure this time. They would take up a little ranch for the kiddies, garden truck and chickens, a cow for the youngest, whom he had never seen. A sailor's dream! He had written her that he had landed this berth and was coming home with his wages intact and some savings. It would reach her by mail steamer long before they arrived.

She would be watching for the Ocean Queen to be sighted, looking for her from the shack on Telegraph Hill where she lived; on the wharf to greet him. Old Andrews moaned in his sleep, and somebody cursed him. The ship surged on, a pyramid of snowy canvas under the moon, her mastsheads slightly circling, the deck in cool shadow. Foam hissed at the prow, seethed along the run, merged in the wide-spreading, lacy fan of the luminous wake. The bell was struck, answered. The Negro, Jamaica Joe, intoned in his deep voice. . . .

"All's well!"

THE ocean, being an instrument of Fate, is capricious. It may have felt that it had buffeted the Ocean Queen sufficiently: now it cradled her in liquid sapphire and bore her creaming along beneath skies of sapphire and of pearl as the trade winds blew from cloudy battlements—fourteen knots—fifteen—sixteen!

Above one nightly entry of "so ends this day," Holliday logged with pride the distance of the twenty-four hours' run, three hundred and four miles.

Slowly, suddenly but surely the crew learned the right names and places and uses of halyards and downhauls, of braces and sheets and the sails. Led always by Wilson and Jamaica Joe, they learned to go aloft, to lie out on the yards, to clew and reef. They were stupid and inefficient, a poor lot at the best, but they learned. The mates were direct rather than patient, but they taught the men to handle the ship without confusion, even with some show of smartness.

Even the hardest and dullest among them began to take a certain pride in her, even in themselves, as responsible, when she tossed bowsprit like a lance in rest, her prow champing, cleaving through the brine while the sun flashed from her shining sides and dolphins gamboled all about her in heraldic escort under the arching canopy of blue. Or at night, when she forged along with every kite drawing full, Wilson at the wheel, the officer of the deck pacing the poop, the ship a tiny, carved thing of ebony and silver set down upon the vast expanse of sea under the glittering stars, under the shining moon.

They were making a record for those days. She traveled on curves of speed and beauty that rivaled those of the best of the tea-trade clippers. Joe boomed his chanteys, and the men gathered about him with their glowing pipes while the mate paused to listen. Then a shift of wind, an order, perhaps the skipper summoned an "All hands!"—hauling on the weather braces, swarming aloft under the keen eyes of "Four Bells" Holliday. A good ship, the Ocean Queen!

Andrews had been made sailmaker and ship's painter. He pottered about or squatted with palm and needle, gave instruction on splices, bights and hitches, and was content, when he did not assert the querulous prophecies of old age that things were "too good to

last." For that they called him Jonah, which hurt him to silence.

With every league Wilson dreamed of his wife and children, of the little ranch, the babe he had never seen.

With the exception of Andrews, possibly of Joe, he was the only man forward who had the sea in his blood. It had come down to him from some primeval, protoplasmic urge. It was a leaven fermenting within him; it was a call, at times alluring, at times commanding. Love of woman had not been able to offset it. The thought of wife and children, the dream of fruitful trees and flowering garden, of home and fireside, could not fight against the charm of the fenceless sea meadows, green and gray, with their mysteries of haunting beauty and challenge to his adventurous spirit.

Yet he had sworn this was his last voyage—not the first time that he had

The weather changed. Holliday came on deck one morning with a brow that still held the frown from his observation of the barometer. They were heading nor'-nor'-west, the trade wind a little abaft the beam, reaching for home. Ahead the weather was hazy, the horizon vague. The breeze grew faulty, successive flaws hauling north until she was close-hauled under sail that Holliday gradually reduced. The sea had lost its deep blueness and ran dull-green and heavy. By noon the wind was just west of north, blowing more and more gustily. The barometer was pumping. They were now under topsails, and the Ocean Queen seemed to have lost buoyancy. Holliday was not fearful of his ship, but he was in danger of losing his record. He strode the deck, scowling. The big sea was running from the storm that was ahead of them, imminent.

felt rather than seen, broken ranks of raging billows touched with sea fire on their blunted crests, hills up which the Ocean Queen staggered, poised as she met the full fury of the howling gale, and then lurched down into gulfs that seemed to widen for her destruction. Between sea and sky the wild wind swept in a hurricane.

She was sound and staunch. If the hoodoo lurked aboard, it refrained from the exercise of its black art. It was a test of ship and skipper, of the fifth-rate crew. They had met the actual emergency well enough. Holliday, knowing their weakness, had acted in time. But it took two men to control the wheel, and the captain did not leave the deck.

He might have run before it, but he would not countenance losing an hour, a hardly gained knot of possible progress. His voice blared like a bugle in command, his eyes were gray-green opals, his features were set like sprayed shore granite.

Most of the crew were sick of heart and body, overestimating the danger through ignorance. There was little for them to do after battening down hatches and rigging life lines, for the seas came crashing on her decks until the stout planking bowed with the weight and force of them, thundering over the fo'c's'le, seething about the galley and the cabin housing, deluging the reinforced skylights with sonorous cataracts; surging waist deep about binnacle and wheel. They leaned against it when they were exposed, clinging to ropes, cowering in wretched shelter, vomiting their very souls. The gale yelled and howled, vicious and exultant, in the rigging rope ends streamed like serpents in the wash. Supper was a failure, even if they had had the appetite for what the cook managed to prepare and they to carry forward. They were wet and weary, worn down to the quick of their miserable resistance.

Sullivan and Brookes, lacking Holliday's responsibility and desire for a quick voyage, were unperturbed. They knew their work, they had seen worse storms, and there was a good ship under them, for all her rolling and pitching as the hurricane failed her.

RAIN began to fall, in slanting lines, in spouts. The air was charged with salt spray and fresh water that worked through oilskins and down already squelching seaboots. At eight bells, four hours after midnight when the watch was changed, Holliday believed there was a slight cessation of the storm. He fancied they had passed through a skirt of the flying hurricane, unexposed to its full force. Daylight slowly filtered in, mordant, dissolving the utter blackness of the night. The east showed a faint indication of dawn, but there would be no sunrise. No luminary could pierce for many hours that tumbling wrack of cloud under which the piling seas still surged stupendously, leaden, yeasty, seething, still flogged and frenzied by the gale.

Dauntless, but sorely buffeted, the Ocean Queen fought on to win her way. They dared not set more sail. Holliday followed the second mate below. Both changed into dry clothes, to turn in fully dressed, save for their boots, ready to rush on deck in case of emergency. The steward brought them scalding cups of coffee, and Holliday laced them with brandy. They gulped the smoking drafts, and the man refilled the cups.

"Serve a tot of rum to the watch," said the skipper. "The same to the rest when they come on."

The steward's eyes rounded with his "Aye, aye, sir." He had set Holliday down as a temperance skipper—for'ard.

"Through the worst of it, mister," said the captain to Brookes. "A good ship."

(Continued on page 36)

1,599,999 others and you

AS YOU read this issue of Collier's it may please you, as it gratifies us, to know that at least 1,599,999 other men and women will do the same thing today or tomorrow.

Every week the postmen send Collier's to 950,000 library tables—and the news-dealers tuck it under the arms of more than 650,000 readers. Altogether it goes into more than 1,600,000 homes.

This manifest approval of Collier's by the public is warming to us and we want to tell you that we appreciate the interest of those readers who have been with us for years and the 600,000 new ones who have joined us in the past thirty months.

To us the most gratifying feature of your interest is that it has been constant. Week after week, month after month, the number of Collier's readers has grown steadily—and this approval is encouraging.

THE EDITOR.

made the promise. Now he had taken oath, that he renewed to the photograph on his bunk board, pledging fealty to a human woman and not knowing that he was plighted irrevocably to the siren whose suitors may never utterly neglect or forget her; sea-mated to the purring, raging, jealous sea.

Jamaica Joe, good-natured, irresponsible, virile, enjoyed the sheer rhythm of ocean life that synchronized with his own keen sense of it. He liked to flex his muscles and set his weight against the haul, to leap into the rigging and climb the shaking shrouds, to set sail and see the ship heel to the wind. He loved to sing chanteys.

The rest were a sulky, moronic lot, off duty, fouling their own quarters by act and word. They were malingerers, cadgers, dock loafers, tavern bums, jail-birds, scum of humanity. Scum of the sea! What instincts of the better sort they possessed were submerged in the depravity of which they boasted.

High overhead scud was flying south and east.

At sunset they were under two lower topsails and a rag of jib, laboring in a welter of liquid pyramids that rose and dissolved in increasing confusion. The seas struck tremendous blows as the laden hull strove through them. The wind was beginning to flatten their tops, to drive forward horizontal masses of spume like snow flurries. She began to take it over the bows, and the scupper gates swung to let the seething mass escape. The storm voiced itself in roaring blasts. There were flickers of livid levin in the northeast; mutterings of thunder came from the wall of angry vapor toward which they were heading, a vast cliff of cloud that extended to the zenith frowning above them. Westward the sun set smoldering behind bars of purple that slowly closed upon its dull crimson glare as night fell.

By midnight there were no stars, nothing but lowering masses of cloud,

The Black Coyote

He could pull off more deviltry by himself than any pair ever heard of

By MYRON M. STEARNS

A GREAT cackling and gobbling of young turkeys came down the wind. Still half asleep under the cool-warm earth, the Black Coyote partly opened his eyes. For a moment the skin on his long, narrow muzzle wrinkled as the breeze brought him faintly through the strong smells of the burrow its message from the poultry yards.

Then the slitted eyes closed again; the clatter of the turkeys was an old story. For another half hour he dozed, his muscles twitching nervously. Once the black skin at the side of his long, white fangs, sharp as those of any wolf, lifted a trifle; perhaps in his dream he was making at last a successful, satisfying grab at some fat young pullet or turkey hen. Then the eyes opened again, fully this time; he rolled on his side and stretched out every leg stiff before him like an awakening dog. He tipped his muzzle far back, stretching the neck muscles luxuriously. Then, alert and ready, he crawled toward the little spot of sunlight, reflected green from cactus slabs, that marked the entrance to his earth. Hunger, like a living thing, gnawed at his vitals. . . .

Up at the ranch house, less than half a mile away, they were talking of him. "What d'you mean, 'black coyote'?" asked Garnett, the visitor. "Never heard of such a thing."

Westley, the owner, smiled. "He's not really black," he explained. "Every coyote has some black hairs among the grayish-yellow ones, and this fellow we're after has more than most, that's

all. He's the darkest one I ever saw—and the smartest. But if we pot him tonight," he added hopefully, "you can see for yourself."

"You talk as if he were a regular humdinger."

"He is." Westley rubbed his nose reflectively. "He's an old dog coyote that's been carrying on a first-class war single-handed against this whole valley."

He's been seen all over the place. 'Far's anybody knows, he always works alone, instead of with a mate. But he can pull off more deviltry, all by himself, than any pair you ever heard of. Mostly he's left

His cries were filled with wild choking laughter, strange sobbing and menace and madness

five months. We've lost only three—so far." He rapped his knuckles against the polished wood of his gun stock. "Boy, I hope our little party for him tonight works out!" . . .

With just his muzzle showing at the entrance to his hole in the earth, the Black Coyote was sniffing the thin desert air hungrily.

About him, for nearly a dozen yards in every direction, stretched a huge clump of cactus, nearly four feet high, centuries old, impenetrable to man or man's companion, the dog. A thousand needles guarded every close-locked green slab, clear down to where the rotted fibers of bygone decades merged once more into earth. At one edge of the clump, and slanting back over it, rose a gnarled scrub live oak, the only native tree to mark the mesa for miles around. At the edge of the cactus clump, also, the ground dropped away into a sharp arroyo, three rods across and a dozen feet deep. It was this combination that gave security, though so dangerously close to the haunts of man.

Wriggling flat on his belly to escape the needles of the cactus slabs, the Black Coyote came to the rim of the arroyo. No dog, without knowing every twist to take, could have made his way along that tortuous runway as much as a yard without yelps of pain, but for the coyote it was nothing. A sharp look along the arroyo in both directions, to make sure the road was clear, and he was over the edge, hidden from sight by the sheltering walls of the gully. No man, seeing him standing on the bare rocks of the dry brook bed, would ever guess that he was only a few yards from his home, and no dog, even if he guessed it, could prove it.

this place pretty much alone; that looks as if he had a hole close around here somewheres—that and the fact we see him so often. He's smart enough to be living right under our noses, but we haven't been able to find the place, dogs and all. Nick Smith, down on the Baseline, has offered \$25 for his hide. He's lost about thirty hens in the last four or

He sniffed hungrily the warm breeze that blew across the arroyo from the ranch house carrying the smell of the poultry yards—food. It carried also the smell of man.

With three jumps he was at the edge of the mesa, on the farther rim of the arroyo, eyes, ears and nose alert for food or danger. Except for insects, the mesa appeared to be devoid of life; each of its myriad denizens, driven by the same two great forces, hunger and fear, knew how to efface itself. Lizards seemed no more than dry twigs; horned toads looked like speckled stones or bits of earth. The crafty ground squirrels, like the moles and gophers and minor burrowers, remained underground safely sheltered, except for quick, cautious dashes into the open when all was clear. Even the snakes relied on their protective coloring, so that the Black Coyote himself failed to notice a small rattler coiled under a bush until warned by the dry, light burr-r of the suddenly vibrant tail. A few rods further on the white flick of an incautious cottontail started him on a sudden dash, but it was only for a few yards. The rabbit dived pell-mell under a cactus clump and was safe.

FOLLOWING unconsciously a route traced by habit, the coyote crossed the arroyo above the ranch house. He had come almost to the edge of the hills that bordered the twenty-mile-wide valley. Suddenly he checked, warned by that sixth sense which in reality may be merely the perception of sounds or smells so slight as to be unrecognizable. Hardly more than a shadow before, slipping from bush to bush in the light of late afternoon, he became on a sudden indistinguishable from the surrounding sage. Motionless, every nerve tense, every sense alert, he watched, sniffed, listened. Then, in a panic of fear that interfered no whit with his every move, he slipped from the rim of the mesa into the arroyo again. Fifty yards farther up the slope, beyond where he had turned, two men were sitting motionless behind a boulder, guns across their knees. . . .

"He ought to be along any minute now," Westley whispered to Garnett. "He comes along here nearly every after-

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PALMER



noon just about this time." And, after another half-hour of silence: "Well, I guess we missed him. Probably something took him in another direction this afternoon. It was only a chance he'd come this way. We'll get him tonight. . . ."

THE Black Coyote, after making a wide detour to avoid them, had come again to his customary road a quarter of a mile farther up the gully, right at the hills. Water was what he sought, and it was not late enough in the evening to risk a drink from the horse trough in the ranch corral. A little way above the point where the dry stream bed entered the foothills he found what he wanted, a pool among the stones, and, after carefully making sure that no danger threatened, drank his fill. Then, refreshed, he returned to the mesa. He was about to start on a long foraging expedition toward the center of the valley when the wind brought him another communication. Food! Car- rion! He trotted swiftly, muzzle lifted a trifle, in the direction of the smell. Soon he came upon its source, a dead hen lying at the side of a tiny clearing in the sage.

By this time the hunger within him amounted almost to a pain, but fear kept him from hurrying at once to the unexpected find. From across the little clearing he watched it intently, as if he half expected it suddenly to produce a gun. The hen lay quiet enough; after all, it was a dead hen. But why should it be there? Stepping forward carefully, one foot at a time, the Black Coyote investigated, and before he had made his way halfway from the sheltering sage to the food that he craved, he stopped short, more suspicious than ever. Something was not right about that hen. The whole place smelled too much of man. Even more cautiously than he had come, he backed, without turning around, step by step across the little clearing. The hairs on his neck bristled. When he had regained the sage he turned and went on, still hungry.

Next day, when the men who had left that hen came to look at their traps, they were confronted by a yapping, snarling little yellow-gray beast, its long jaws wide with rage and terror and futile threat. But it was not the Black Coyote.

As a matter of fact, at about the moment the foolish young coyote was walking into the trap, the Black Coyote, still less than a mile away, was coming on his first real find of the evening. In the gathering dusk he almost stepped on a meadow lark that rose terrified past his muzzle. Twelve pearly white eggs glimmered in the nest she had covered. Helpless fright and anguish for the bird—food, at last, for the Black

Coyote. But the whole nestful of little eggs was hardly more than a mouthful.

Only a few minutes later, with a half-moon beginning to shine like silver through thin, fast-moving clouds in the darkening sky, a strange thing happened. It was as though the Black Coyote had suddenly come to life, as though the twin of a dual personality had taken possession of him. Instead of the hungry, cautious beast that had been trotting silently and doggedly through the shrubs of the mesa, he became a wild thing through which blood coursed fiercely.

Hunger was for the moment lulled and fear forgotten. He broke into a swift lope. He scurried around a clump of sage and flirted playfully with his own dim shadow, pouncing on it like a kitten, then shying away. He raced for the foothills, and crested the first steep

At the ranch house, more than a mile away, Westley and Garnett heard it clearly.

"My," said the visitor, "they're out in force tonight, aren't they?"

Westley grinned at him. "Fooled you, did he? That's just one dog, even if he does sound like a dozen. You ought to know that."

Garnett gaped at him incredulously. "Why, it's a regular medley! I've heard plenty of coyotes, and I swear you're mistaken, Westley. If there aren't at least two of 'em making that nightmare, I'm crazy."

"Guess you're crazy, then." The wild clamor from the foothills broke out afresh. "I've listened to that particular yelling too many times to be fooled." They both listened for a moment. "Great, isn't it? You'd think it would take half a hell to make that racket, full of damned souls in torment—instead of

afternoons and nights of hunger and fear. He slipped down the hillside again and trotted toward the distant valley towns. But he flushed no more larks. Even the little desert trade rats, that make their nests in huge piles of twigs, kept out of his way.

Once and once only did he come upon an animal smaller than himself that he might have captured. That was when the moon, breaking clear of the hurrying clouds, showed an indifferent little beast, trotting independently along, its nose to the ground. But instead of attacking, the Black Coyote checked his gait respectfully and let it cross his path unmolested. It was a skunk.

Three miles, and he had come to the border of the farmlands and orchards that marked the center of the valley floor into a huge checkerboard. On the mesa, at the edge of the valley, the Black Coyote was at home. Fearful and

timid always, for even there his arch-enemy, man, set traps and fired guns, he was nevertheless in a measure monarch, beyond the farmlands, of a great domain. Bobcats were infrequent, and mountain lions, the great sleek cats of the hills, no longer made their way even to the lesser slopes. Jack rabbits, squirrels, trade rats and all the smaller folk of the mesa made way for the lordly coyote. But inside the orchard lands it was different. There man reigned supreme, and turned over the policing of his demesne to his henchman and companion, the dog. Among the plowed and cultivated tree rows coyotes came only at their peril—ready at any instant to race for cover.

The Black Coyote slipped into his arroyo, that had widened into a barren stretch of untillable land known as a wash, and followed the dry stream bed steadily downward. Occasionally he made excursions into the orchards at either side to see whether or not this rancher or that might not have thrown out some hen or chicken or rat. He even sniffed warily toward garbage pails that he had located on previous adventures. But everywhere he found that dogs, or skunks, or other coyotes had been before him, and everywhere

his search was short and his stay brief, for the clamor of dogs broke out behind him and drifted downwind long after he had passed.

Several times he passed other coyotes, lean and hungry as himself, but each time continued on his way, paying them no attention.

Near the center of the valley, miles from the hills, he made a kill. An unfortunate baby cottontail, crossing the barren reaches of the wash, could find no sheltering cactus in time to escape the Black Coyote's lightning jaws. It was a tiny (Continued on page 38)



Warned by the shouting men, he seized a hen and raced for the hole

slope with the speed of something thrown along the hillside.

Then, with the flat valley stretched before him like a magic carpet in the waning light, he threw back his head and howled derisively at the clouded moon, at a silent clump of eucalyptus trees, at the twinkling lights of the towns stretching far away on the valley floor. It was a weird ululation, filled with wild, choking laughter and strange sobbing and menace and madness. It rose and quavered across the valley like the clamor of distant snarling dogs reverting to their ancient status—wolves.

just one ornery dog coyote. And I think," he added, "it's the Black Coyote himself. It's come too many times from just about the same place, less than an hour after the men have seen him pass the place where we watched this afternoon. If our little plan works out all right, I'll bet you we don't hear any coyote howl from that hill tomorrow night."

THE Black Coyote knew nothing of their talk or plans. Hunger driving him anew, he became once more the cunning, cautious searcher of food—the food that would prolong life to other

You may have tuberculosis

Watch for these danger signs =

- ~ too easily tired
- ~ loss of weight
- ~ indigestion
- ~ cough that hangs on

Let your doctor decide

TUBERCULOSIS can be cured more easily than any other dangerous, chronic disease. Some doctors say "arrested", others say "cured"—it amounts to the same thing. If it is detected in its early stages it can be stopped before serious damage is done.

For thousands of years, tuberculosis has been mankind's great scourge. Whole families have been blotted out. Even now, when science knows exactly what causes tuberculosis, how to prevent it and how to cure it, one family in every 50 pays toll to this disease. These tragedies are largely due to ignorance or neglect.

Young people of high school ages, and young women up to the age of 25, are especially susceptible. Tuberculosis exacts heavy penalties from men and women between 25 and 50—at the time when most needed by their families.

The danger signals of tuberculosis are usually plain to be seen and the danger is great—unless the signals are heeded.

Tuberculosis is like a fire started by a match. Stepped on immediately, the fire is stamped

out completely. But if permitted to gain too much headway, it sweeps on to destruction.

In the month of March 1928, a nationwide campaign for the early diagnosis of tuberculosis will be conducted by more than 1500 tuberculosis and health associations of the United States. They will organize meetings where information will be given, motion pictures and posters will be shown and pamphlets distributed, all emphasizing the importance of early diagnosis.

People will be told to watch for the first signs of tuberculosis. They will be asked to answer these four questions:

1. Do you tire easily?
2. Are you losing weight?
3. Do you suffer from indigestion?
4. Have you a cough which hangs on?

There will be many instances, of course, in which people may have all four of these weaknesses without having contracted tuberculosis. But if the answer is "yes" to any one or more of these questions, act instantly. Go to your physician for a com-

plete medical examination. He will not merely put his ear to your partly covered chest and then give an opinion. With stethoscope on bared chest, perhaps with X-ray photographs and other diagnostic tests, he will seek to discover definitely the condition of your lungs. Then he will advise what should be done for prevention or cure.

Hopeful, but ill-advised sufferers have wasted millions of dollars on so-called "remedies" for tuberculosis, in spite of the fact that all great medical authorities agree that not one person has ever been cured in this way. But, on the other hand, many thousands of tuberculous patients who have gone to a sanatorium and had the benefit of scientific medical care in addition to Rest, Fresh Air, Sunshine and Nourishing Food, have come back to their families—cured. Every modern sanatorium that is built to care for tuberculous patients helps to reduce the deathrate.

The big, life-saving message to the nation in March will be, "Find out—don't wait".

The war to prevent and cure tuberculosis is one of the brilliant triumphs of modern science. The deathrate from tuberculosis has been reduced almost two-thirds during the past 40 years.

Now statisticians boldly predict that during the lifetime of the majority of the readers of this announcement tuberculosis will be under such thorough control that it will be an infrequent cause of death.

Think what it means. Twenty years ago

the principal cause of death—twenty years from now an infrequent cause of death.

At first the fight was a stubborn one and at times discouraging. When cases reached physicians they had usually advanced too far for successful treatment. Later, when cases were discovered in early stages the tide turned. Today—thanks to greatly increased knowledge of preventive measures and to the widespread cooperation of individuals, as well as official and private

organizations, with the medical profession—tremendous gains are in sight.

The Metropolitan urges people in all parts of the country to give whole-hearted support to the March campaign of the national and local tuberculosis and health associations for early diagnosis and immediate action. A copy of the Metropolitan's booklet, "Tuberculosis", will be mailed free to every person asking for it.

HALEY FISKE, President.



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METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

The "Strip" and the

Compare!

LAY BACK A TREAD SECTION of the conventional, standard cord tire of today and note the criss-cross, wave-line confusion of the cord fabric.

Inspect the construction of the DICKINSON CORD TIRE and note the precise and orderly *automatic* placement of every cord.

The correct engineering design and automatic manufacturing perfection of the Dickinson Process—never before applied to tire-building practise—insures that

Every DICKINSON TIRE is a Racing Tire!

The unprecedented strength and flexibility—the unrivalled service and economy—of the DICKINSON CORD TIRE, is due to the Strip, by which the cord members of the lay fit the complex contour of the tire. Each and every cord lies in a path as straight as a fiddle string from bead to bead, relatively to every other cord and in precise mathematical alignment with the individual traction pull it has to bear.

This Unique and Exclusive Structural Feature Gives

- tire strength 90 per cent to 100 per cent more, and rubber content 25 per cent to 30 per cent greater, than that of any other tire.
- increase in power gains, reduced road resistance and practical elimination of the retarding factor of tire lag.
- faster running time for distance covered reduces fuel consumption and pays for tire in its lifetime.
- checkmate to that fine old tire manufacturing alibi, the so-called "stone bruise".
- blowouts obsolete, and never due to weakness in construction.
- retreading at a fraction of original cost, so that tire ends its service in perfect balance of tread and body.
- selling price no higher—in some cases less—than that of any other high-grade tire.

Send for illustrated and descriptive booklet, "The Ultimate Tire," telling the complete Dickinson story

If your Tire Dealer does not handle the Dickinson Cord Tire, let us have his name and address and we will make him an Interesting Proposition

Every Dickinson Tire is Insured for One Year against Everything that can Happen to a Tire except Loss by Theft or Damage due to Wilful Abuse

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Costs No More to Buy

and the "Lay" "Reasons Why"

THE DICKINSON CORD TIRE is a *new kind* of automobile tire—not "just another tire" of conventional standard type, with "improved" features.

Designed on absolutely correct principles never before applied in tire engineering practise—manufactured by automatic mechanism that substitutes unvarying precision processes for the fallible human element.

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The STRIP and the LAY are the *unique and exclusive* DICKINSON features that make it possible to construct a cord tire in which every cord is completely insulated from its neighbors, lies in a straight relative path with every other cord and is aligned in a mathematically precise straight-away from bead to bead with the traction pull of its burden . . . resulting in

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CORD TIRES

Costs Less to Use

The Woman Hunters

By ARTHUR SOMERS
ROCHE

The Story Thus Far:

ALLEN GORHAM, after five years' absence, returns to New York, goes to a party given by some new-rich friends, the Candaces, for their daughter, Yvonne, and overhearing Kenneth Runyon, a rotter, boast that he is out to get Yvonne and her thirty millions, cancels his passage back to France and decides to stick around and champion the Candaces.

Ostracized from polite society because of an unfair accusation of cheating at cards and still in love with Anita Gorham, who married his cousin Fred, Allen has been earning his living at cards. He has tea with Anita, who seems to be still in love with him. He learns from her that everyone thinks he is in love with Vonny Candace.

Allen finds out from Morgan, a detective friend of his, that Runyon is out after him. Morgan advises him to leave the country but when Allen refuses, Morgan decides to stick to him.

He is unexpectedly invited to dinner by Erica Loosich, a society leader.

When she threw herself screaming on the bed, I could have told what would happen next

A CERTAIN exaltation, born of Erica Loosich's manner toward me, made me entertain grandiose ideas that were dissipated by the cool night air before I had walked a block. I am not usually given to day-dreams, and I began tearing apart the substance of this one before I had been gone two minutes from the Loosich home.

After all, my hostess had been very sweet, but what did it all amount to? I had dined with a lot of pompous old dodoes, been patted on the head and told that I was a good little boy, and given to understand that I could undergo the same thrilling experience again if I chose.

Now, it is never gracious to sneer at a hospitality that has been generously offered. But in the last five years I had passed beyond the overvaluation of the amenities and come to an under-

standing of more important matters. A person was a person, and the fact that one person was possessed of wealth or position didn't make him or her any more important than another person who lacked both. That is, as regards myself.

Erica Loosich wasn't going to give me any of her money, even if I would have accepted it. She couldn't give me any of her position, even if I wanted it.

THE fact that I had dined at her house, and the further fact that I could dine there again, meant that I would achieve a false standing in the eyes of other people. But nothing that Erica Loosich was or had or might do could alter the fact that I was, deep down inside me, the same person that I had been when I entered her home. A professional gambler had gone into her house and a professional gambler had emerged from it.

If everyone in New York City ignored—or was unaware of—the fact that I added to my income by a considerable

skill at cards, the nature of the additions would not be changed. True, rumors as to my honesty had been definitely

quieted by Erica Loosich's indorsement of me, but I never had been dishonest, anyway. So dining at her house had not altered my morals.

Had I been possessed of unlimited means, able to afford everything that the Loosiches and the Ragans and the Van Emorys could afford, that group would have been the last with whom I would have sought intimacy. God knows, there would be no duller crowd anywhere.

So, realizing that the evening had not materially changed my status in life, some of the buoyancy left my stride. Nevertheless, away down deep in nearly everyone is a desire to be able to go anywhere. We may jeer at respectability and shun it, but it is a gratification to know that respectability does not shun us. At any rate, I was like that.

But it came to me that I was no more armored for an assault upon Runyon than I had been half a dozen hours ago. What had happened was this: a friend of my mother's had made it clear to her acquaintance that she did not believe a tale that had been told about me. That was all, and I put from my mind the idea that Erica Loosich's friendliness in any way minimized Runyon's enmity. I would have to meet the latter with what weapons I owned, unaided by anyone else.

I had left the dinner party with the idea of seeking out young Runyon and meeting his threats with counteraction of my own. But it is never well to move blindly. Until I knew just what influence was backing Runyon, it would be as well to watch my step.

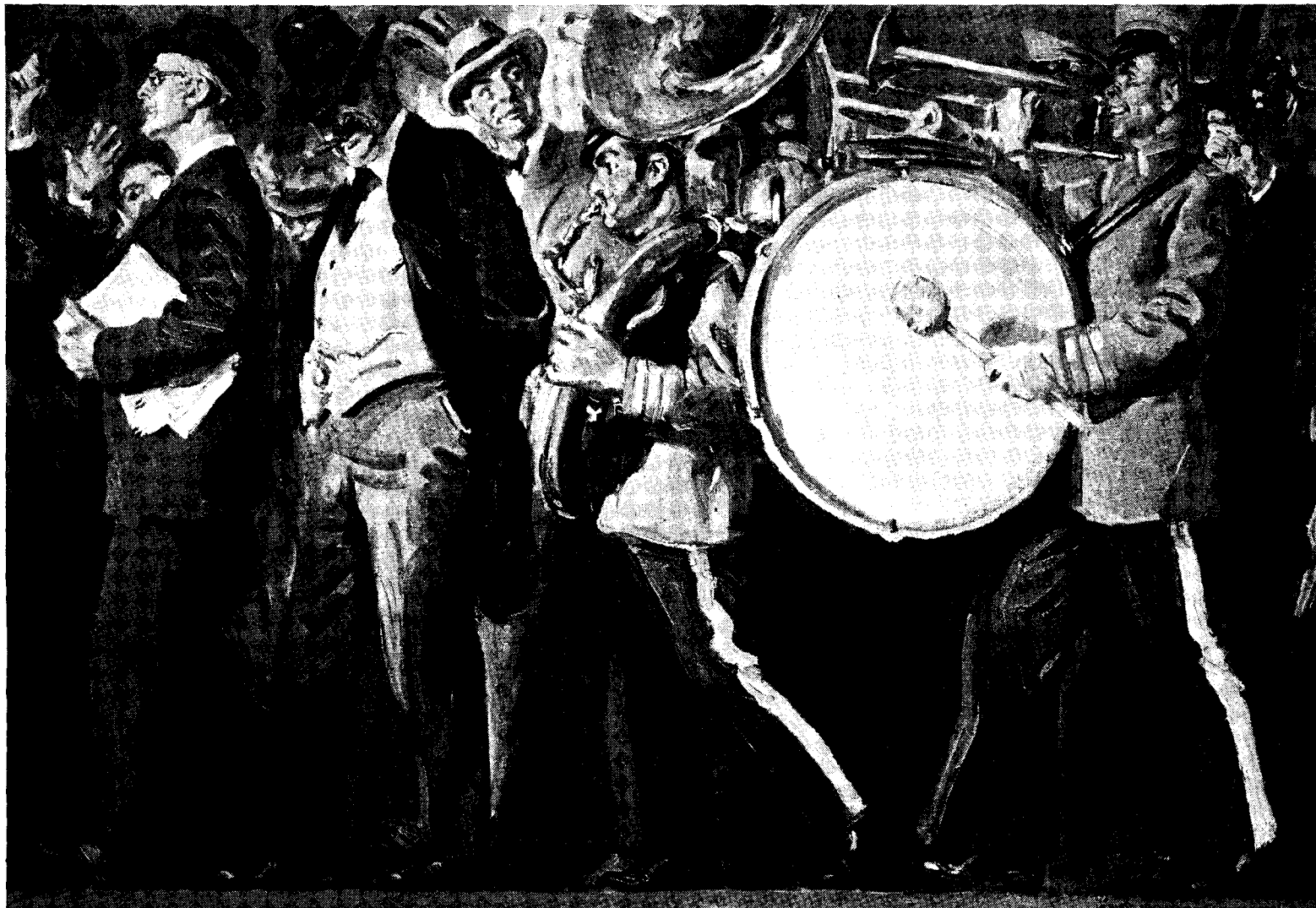
Moreover, hunting for anyone at this time of night was too random a task. I knew nothing of the young gentleman's haunts. Offhand, I assumed that he could probably be found at some night club, but there were scores of such places of entertainment in New York, and I might spend weeks in futile search for him, whereas, unless his threats were idle, he would sooner or later come seeking me. And I didn't think that Mack Morgan had been gulled by windy brag.

THE thing for me to do was to sit quietly and wait for the next move. And the best place to sit quietly was at home in my hotel. The night was pleasant, and I decided to walk. I hadn't gone three blocks before I knew that someone followed me.

I have no sixth sense which informs me of hidden dangers. According to Morgan, my movements had been under surveillance ever since I landed in America and I had never suspected it. What happened was that I loitered, glancing into windows, and so became aware of my follower. His nonchalance as he too glanced into windows was too patently assumed. My first impulse was to accost him and force an explanation. Had I been in the mood that had possessed me as I began my walk home, I would have acted upon impulse. But I was cooler and wiser now. Probably my follower didn't know the motives of his employers; it might very well be



— LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM —



PAINTED FOR SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Public opinion marched to jail with the editor who told the truth

A fine old city of the South was in the dark shadows of a shady administration. Corruption was so bad that it had debauched even the judiciary . . . with the result that a judge had been impeached.

In the midst of a judicial election, the city's SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper reviewed all the ugly facts, pleading with the voters to at least cut the fetters throttling the justice of the bench.

Promptly the editor was cited for contempt of court. He was given the alterna-

tive of printing an apology or serving a ten-day jail term.

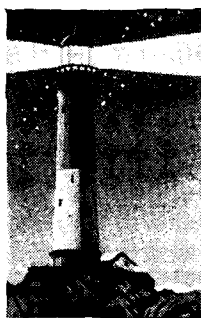
He chose to stand by his facts. And the public stood by him . . . so heartily that he was escorted to jail by a band and a long parade of cheering citizens.

During his ten-day sentence, he was visited by thousands of his townsmen, many bringing gifts of food, smokes and other comforts. Upon his release, one of the biggest mass meetings in the city's history was held in the public square, in his honor.

The SCRIPPS-HOWARD editor is able to stand by his guns under any fire, because he has no boss save public interest. Owned from within, and free of all entangling alliances, SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers recognize but one taskmaster . . . the public welfare.

The resulting reader-confidence makes the columns of these newspapers a power to be reckoned with in their communities . . . both for the welfare of the citizen and the advertiser.

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that he didn't even know their names. I would only make myself ridiculous by entering into a brawl with him.

So I pretended not to notice him and arrived at the Regent quite without incident. But the clerk who handed me my key proved by his words that I had been right in my analysis of Runyon. For a gentleman had called upon me during my absence. He had left no name, but the clerk's vague description of him accorded very well with my recollection of Runyon as I had seen him last night.

No, he had left no message. So I thanked the clerk and took the elevator. Hanging to the knob of my door was an envelope of the sort used to leave letters and other messages for the guests. I took it off the knob and entered my room. I smiled as I thought of the shadower downstairs. Maliciously I trusted that his orders would compel him to wait outside all night. For I intended to go to bed and sleep as soundly as though there were no Runyons or Anitas or other disturbing persons in the world. Then I frowned. If Runyon had me shadowed, why hadn't he known that I was not in the hotel at the time that he called? Another question popped into my head: why had Erica Loosich waited five years before giving me the assurance of her faith? I had asked myself this earlier in the day, but the question reiterated itself. Well, it didn't matter much. I stripped off my collar and white tie, and then my eyes lighted up on the large envelope which I had tossed upon the table. I picked it up and extracted a tiny note.

It was the record of a telephone message. Miss Candace would like Mr. Gorham to come to the Roisterers' Club. The message was stamped with the time, 10:40 P. M. I glanced at my watch; it was only shortly after eleven. Vonny was probably still at the Roisterers'. My inclination toward

sleep disappeared. When I lunched with Vonny today, Kenneth Runyon had been an unpleasant cloud on her horizon, but now he was a storm that menaced her. The sooner I had a frank talk with Vonny the better it would probably be for her. Love affairs, in these hectic days, progressed at airplane speed. Vonny had blushed at mention of his name today; she had said that he was nice and entertaining, and despite her admission that Sam Candace didn't like the man, she had confessed to me that she liked him. This noon's liking might well be tomorrow's mad passion. Notwithstanding Vonny's candid gray eyes, she was a young girl, thrust into ways of living that were new to her, and a thing like Runyon might well have glamour for her.

I SLIPPED out of my formal clothes and put on the more casual dinner suit which I thought better befitted a night club. As I stepped into a taxicab a few minutes later I glanced around in search of my shadower of the earlier night. But my ill-wishing had been fruitless. He was not in the vicinity, unless he had learned new secrecies while I had been upstairs changing my clothes.

The Roisterers' was only a five-minute ride from the Regent. On Seventh Avenue, electric-lighted, canopied, with a thick carpet across the sidewalk from curb to door, it was the usual thing. I could have hazarded a guess at its description that would have been amazingly like fact. Bad food, poorly served, a good orchestra, and patrons seemingly drawn from all classes.

An obsequious doorman, avid for a tip, escorted me into the club. An attendant pounced upon me and took my hat. Then I climbed a broad flight of stairs, arriving at

a landing which looked into a dingy, smoky, noisy room, in which there were too many tables and too many people at each table. A too-small dancing space was cleared of couples for the moment, to give way to a yellow-haired, raucous-voiced female who chanted the latest popular ribaldry.

Black curtains ornamented with yellow figures hung on the walls. The ceiling was also hidden by a similar drape. The furnishings were tawdry to match, I thought, the patronage. An accusation made by Europeans came home forcibly to me as I stared. They charged that Americans had no homes, but only places in which to eat and sleep. The accusation was unjust, but observation of New York's night clubs would make the ordinary person lend credence to it. For certainly anyone with a home to go to would prefer it, one would think, to a night club.

I craned my neck in search of Vonny Candace. A head waiter spoke to me. "You've reserved a table?"

I shook my head. "I'm looking for some friends. Miss Candace's party." He nodded understanding. "Ah, yes. This way, if you please."

I followed him as he threaded his way between tables. Amorous couples held hands, lolled against each other, frankly made love. I understand, I think, the phenomenon of a night club. It affords the outlet for social activities to those who have no other. It is the society of the kept woman and the man who is responsible for her condition.

OTHERS, of course, go to these places for an evening's excitement, or an after-theatre dance. But it is noticeable that the same people form a large minority of the patronage each night. There the women of this minority can display their gowns and jewels and the men can display the women.

The head waiter stopped at a table. Only one person sat at it, although there were seats for four. The lone occupant looked up at me with a smile.

"Hello," she greeted me. "Not forgotten me, I hope?"

I looked down at her, striving to express on my features a recognition which I did not feel. The head waiter

had departed, his duty done. But this was not Vonny Candace, was not anyone whom I recollected ever having seen before.

"Sit down. Even if you don't remember me, I won't eat you," the girl laughed.

SHE was undeniably pretty when she smiled. In repose her face was a trifle too hard even for these days, when to seem hard to the point of viciousness is merely to be fashionable. Blond and shapely, extremely well gowned, she was as attractive a young woman as one could find in this place.

I sat down a trifle awkwardly.

"So you've forgotten Sally Holden, have you?" she smiled.

"I never will again," I assured her. She shook her head chidingly. "Prettily said, but just the same it doesn't cover the fact that you don't remember me."

I laughed deprecatingly. "I'm afraid I'll have to be honest and admit that I don't."

She pouted. "If it weren't that I'm so fond of Vonny, I'd not forgive you. But I suppose that when a man's mind is filled with one girl's picture he can't be expected to remember others."

I stared at her! This was assuming a great deal! An utter stranger whom, despite her merry certainty that we were at least acquaintances, I was certain I had never seen before, took it upon herself to jest about my supposed love for Vonny. It seemed to me that town criers had gone abroad screaming that I was in love with Sam Candace's daughter.

I think she read the irritated embarrassment in my eyes, for her manner changed slightly.

"Vonny wouldn't have left me here—I wouldn't have stayed—if we'd dreamed that you wouldn't recognize me. I'm Jack Holden's sister."

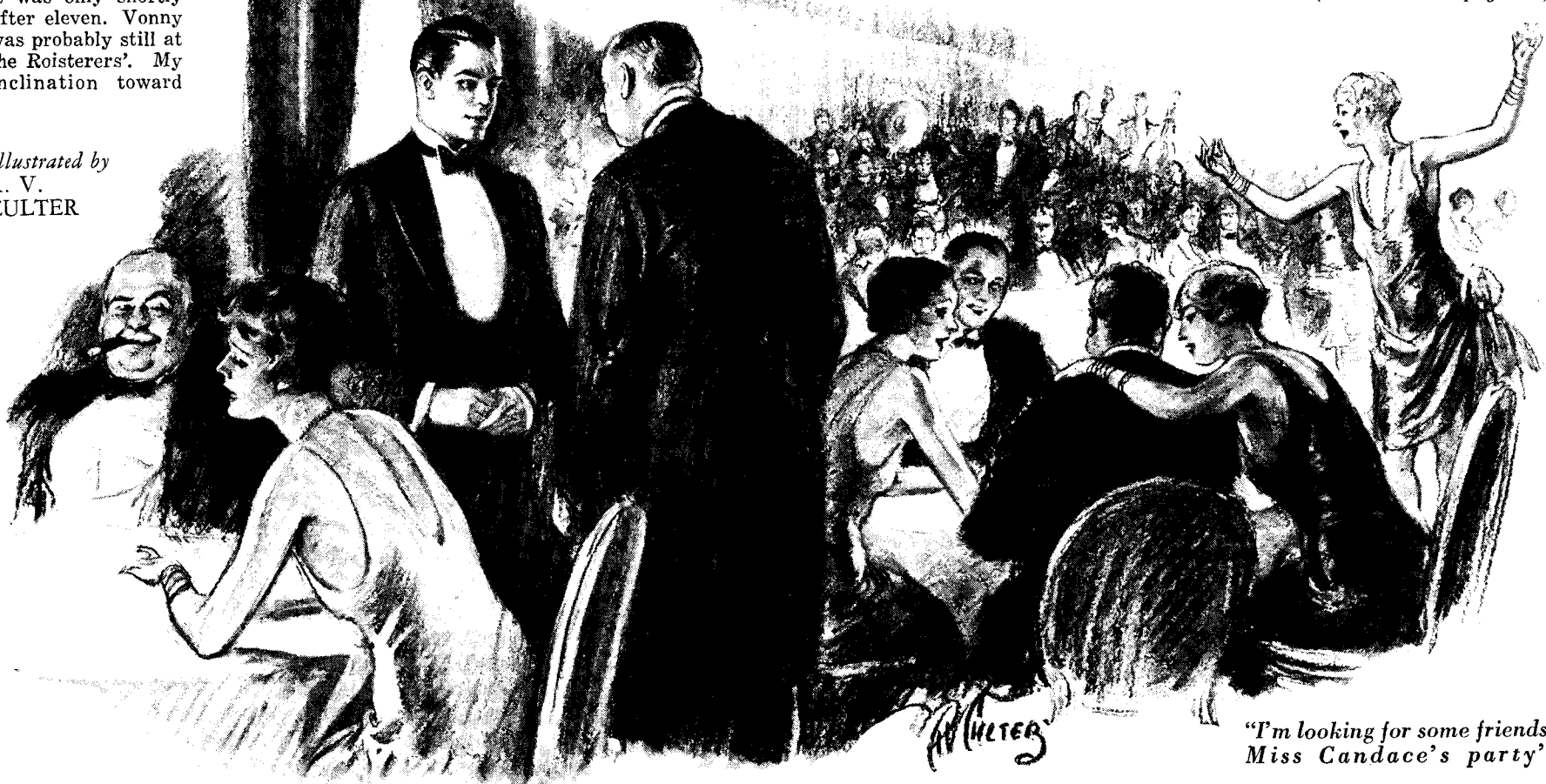
I snatched at the straw she offered me. I remembered Jack Holden faintly—a boyhood friend of a dozen years ago.

"Of course," I said. "How is Jack?"

"Doing very well. He'll be disappointed not to have seen you. But now that I've met you, he'll surely look you up."

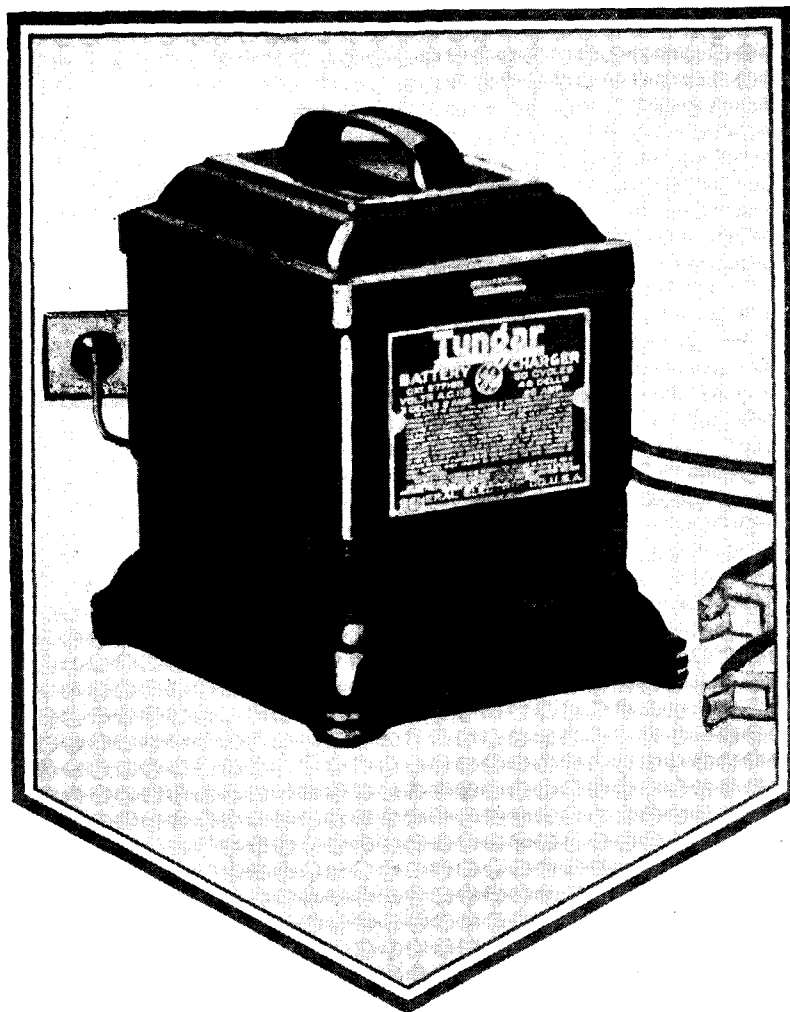
I murmured something vague and looked about (Continued on page 32)

Illustrated by
R. V.
CULTER

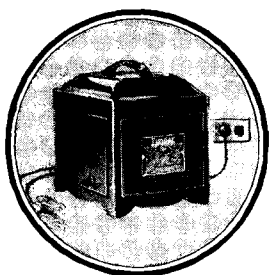


"I'm looking for some friends.
Miss Candace's party"

A General Electric *battery charger*



will solve your battery problem



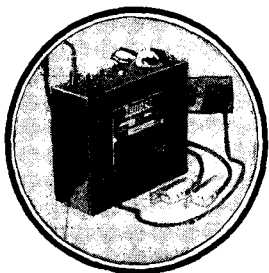
New low prices
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2-AMP. TUNGAR \$14

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Guaranteed
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MORE than a million owners of General Electric battery chargers now enjoy radio programs without ever thinking of run-down batteries.

At night, as they switch off the radio they just turn on Tungar [the name of the General Electric battery chargers] ... in the morning their radio storage batteries are pepped up and ready for active duty.

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Tungar

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BATTERY CHARGER

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

Tungar—a registered trademark—is found only on the genuine. Look for it on the name plate.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 30

the room. The yellow-haired girl had ceased singing, and couples were now crowding the floor.

"Vonny isn't here," Sally Holden answered his seeking glance.

"But she telephoned—" I began.

"Of course. That's why I'm here. She'd forgotten that she'd promised to go to Jim Allison's tonight. We all—Vonny and Tom Renfrew and myself—came here expecting Jim to join us. He was waiting at home for us. I guess he phoned Vonny's house and found out where we were. Anyway, he came over and raised the dickens. He'd invited other people, and they were all waiting for us. But Vonny said that she'd phoned you and that you might show up. Jim wanted to leave word with the head waiter, but Vonny wouldn't have it. Then, when I said I knew you—" She looked up at me roguishly. "I didn't know you quite as well as I thought, did I?"

"But we know each other now," I lamely said.

"Anyway, I'll be sure to tell Vonny that your loyalty is such that you can't even look at another girl," she said.

Embarrassment passed into anger. The girl was common: that's all there was to it. Even if she had known me quite well, she would have been taking a great deal upon herself to tease me about Vonny or about any other girl.

"They want me to bring you over to Jim's. Shall we go?"

"Why, I'd be delighted," I told her.

BUT I wasn't delighted; I was very far from delighted. What sort of people were these who left a girl alone in a night club to meet me? Vonny was as well bred a girl as I had ever met. She would recognize cheapness the moment she met it. I couldn't understand this Sally Holden being intimate with Vonny.

But the fact that Miss Holden was one of the party of which Vonny was also a member didn't argue for any intimacy between them. Surely I ought to know something about the casualness of modern life.

"You don't sound delighted," the girl mocked.

I tried to put enthusiasm into my tones. "I came eager for a party," I said. "I'm just as eager as ever."

"Then let's go," she said.

We left the room. I waited on the landing for her while she powdered her nose. Then I recovered, at a considerable percentage of its original cost, my hat from the attendant downstairs and helped her into a taxicab, and ten minutes later we were in the lobby of a Park Avenue apartment house.

I noticed—but thought nothing of the fact—that she didn't bother to have us announced, but simply led the way into an elevator and said to the operator, "Twelfth floor."

Arrived there, she rang a bell, and a moment later we were admitted by a colored maid.

The maid took my hat, and I stepped into a living-room.

"Come in here," Sally Holden called to me.

The sound came from a half-opened door. I stepped through it, into a bedroom.

I've been around a lot, as may have been indicated already in this tale. Usually, I flatter myself, I react instantly not only to the obvious externals of a situation but to all its subtle implications. But I confess that for minutes I didn't grasp this situation. Yet the whole business was so full of flaws that I should have perceived them at the outset.

I should not merely have wondered at a young and well-bred girl being left alone at a night club. I should have known that her friends would not have left her in such a place. I should have known that Vonny Candace not only could never have been intimate with this girl who called herself Sally Holden, but would not even have been on terms of casual acquaintance with

her. And I can only account for my stupidity in accepting the tale told to me by Sally Holden by the fact that so much had happened in the past twenty-four hours that my mind had become a trifle dulled.

So it was that even the fact that Sally Holden had managed, in the couple of minutes' time that had elapsed while I gave my hat to the colored maid and stared about the living-room, to remove her frock and put on some sort of lacy dressing gown, at first failed to register with me. The truth of the matter was that my thoughts were so busy with Anita Gorham and Erica Loosich and Ken Runyon and Vonny Candace and Mack Morgan that I could not assimilate more wonderment.

Even when it did filter into my brain

"Charge it off to profit and loss," I told her. "Nothing wasted but half an hour of your time and thirty minutes of mine. Better hunting next time."

Then, as she screamed, I knew. The sound of rushing feet in the next room, the inarticulate cries of rage—the second that she threw herself screaming on the bed I could have told what would happen next. I had been incredibly dull, but dullness fell away from me like a discarded garment.

Now, I may not be as bright as I'd like to be when plot and intrigue and mystery surround me, but when physical action meets the requirements of a situation I usually know how to conduct myself.

Even before the three men had entered the room I had taken up a posi-

gesture which indicated, I supposed, the heartbreak of a hitherto devoted and unsuspecting husband.

"To talk!" he jeered. "In this room—bah! You expect me to believe such childish stuff. Your dress!"

He pointed to the garment she had discarded and which lay folded upon a chair. He turned to the two men with him—obviously private detectives.

"You see?" he cried. "You two are with me. We find them here together." "Dead open and shut," said one of them.

"The jury won't leave their seats," said the second.

For the first time Tony paid me the compliment of his attention.

"By God, I ought to kill you!" he said.

As though to forestall immediate tragedy his two companions threw themselves upon him. Tony's eyes roved and his lips framed curses.

"We can't hold him," cried the shorter man. "You'd better beat it," he warned me.

"I suppose you'll let me walk right out of here," I laughed.

"Allen, darling," the girl shrieked, "run! He'll kill you!"

"You hear what she calls him? She calls him her darling!" screamed Tony. Again he writhed and seemed about to throw off the restraining grip of his companions.

"Let him go," I advised them. "I want to see what he'll do."

I RELAXED my tense grip on the chair and swung it around and sat down.

"You want to find out what I'll do?" demanded Tony. "Let me go and I'll show him." He spoke to his captors.

"You ought to do it in vaudeville or for the motion pictures," I suggested. "Why waste it on an audience of one that isn't paying for it, anyway?"

"You aren't paying? You will pay! You come here with my wife—"

"And you, suspecting her, follow her here to get evidence for a divorce," I put in.

"Well," growled his shorter companion, "I guess he's got plenty."

"It would seem so, wouldn't it?" I cheerfully agreed. "The point is, what's he going to do with it now that he has it?"

The aggrieved husband ceased his struggles. He glared at me.

"Sue for divorce," he said.

"That all?" I inquired.

"What are you driving at?"

"I thought maybe a hot-blooded man like you would want to avenge his wounded honor. A moment ago you spoke of killing. Now you're talking of divorce only."

"By God, you stand here and get fresh and I will kill you," he threatened.

I nodded judiciously. "Then you'll kill me for being fresh, not for anything else that I may have done?"

"What are you driving at?" he asked again.

"Oh, I just wanted to talk it over, to see if we couldn't fix this up somehow."

Any fool should have been able to tell by my manner that I was not afraid and that I was a most unlikely subject for blackmail. But it is a strange thing about crooks that they never—or very rarely—conceive the possibility that their intended victims may have a somewhat higher type of moral courage than that encountered in the criminal world.

"How can you fix up a thing like this?" raged Tony.

But I noticed that his two companions relaxed their hold of him.

"What's done is done," I said. "You can't change that."

Tony cast a quickly suspicious glance at the girl on the bed.

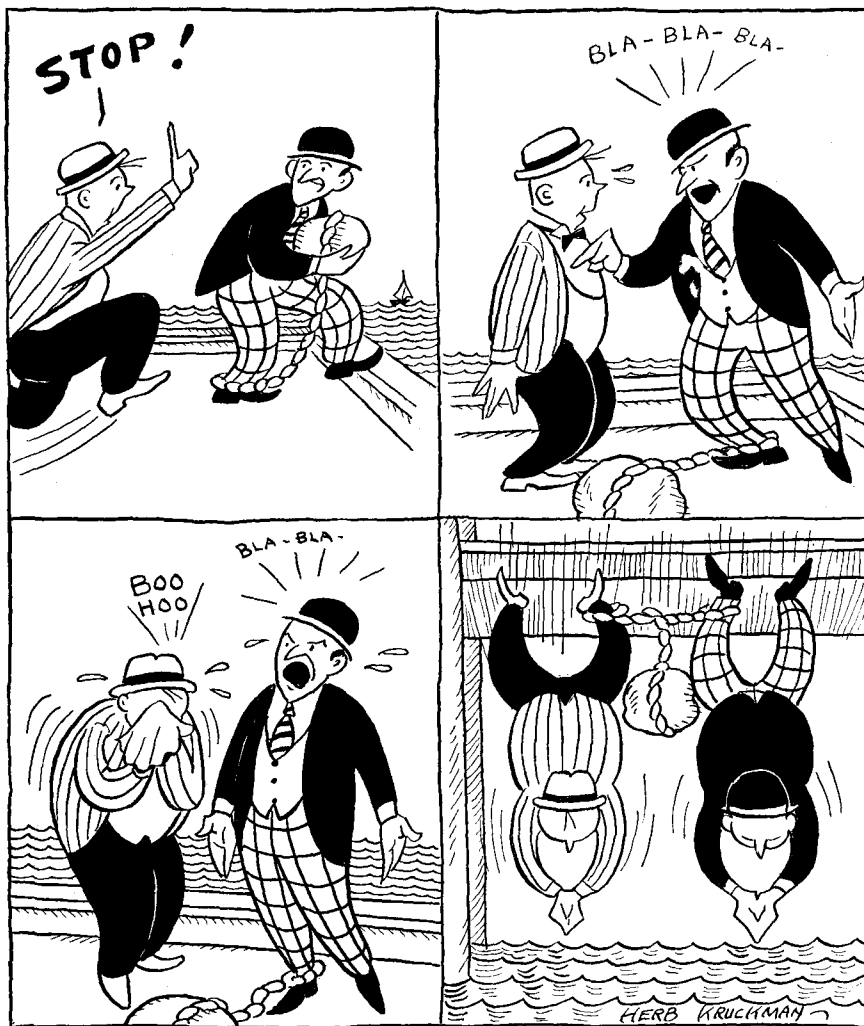
"Get to the point," he said to me.

"I thought you would do that," I retorted. "You're the one who ought to know what he wants."

He reassumed his cloak of rage.

"Of course I know! I want to cut the heart—"

(Continued on page 34)



The high-pressure salesman commits suicide

that this was a most extraordinary performance I did not look upon it as a certain raiser to be followed by even more extraordinary things.

"Where's Vonny?" I asked.

"Can't you forget Vonny for a while?"

Now I knew, of course, that she was no friend of Vonny Candace. I knew that the whole story, with its Jack Holden and its Jim Allison and its Tom Renfrew, was untrue. But still my mind, though it thrust aside one falsity, did not recognize the truth, but merely embraced another error.

This girl was of that all too common class that plies its profession in such public places as the Roisterers' Club.

Certainly, I thought, this was about as brazen an opening to an amour as I had ever heard of, and this girl had plenty of confidence in her fascinations. Well, looking at her, I could hardly blame her. Throw character out of the reckoning and she was as attractive a baggage as ever flattered the proverbial big butter and egg man from the West.

I confess that I smiled at her, not in response to the invitation that I thought I read in her eyes, but in amusement at my own stupidity.

tion in a corner, and my hands were fastened on the back of a chair. A quiet rage possessed me. I only hoped that young Runyon was one of the men whose advent was announced by their voices.

FOR now the whole business pieced itself together like a jig-saw puzzle. Morgan's frank intimations, the man who had followed me tonight—the other trailers of the past few weeks also—the telephone message supposed to be from Vonny; this girl who had met me and brought me here: they were all part and parcel of the same scheme.

But Runyon was not among them. Three men, none of whom I had ever seen before, burst into the room. The foremost, a swarthy man of stocky build, pointed dramatically at the girl on the bed.

"Caught you!" he cried.

The girl writhed in an agony of assumed fear and shame. The stage has rarely seen a better depiction of the unfaithful wife than this girl gave.

"I didn't, Tony. We weren't—we just came up here to talk—"

Tony indulged himself in a sweeping

When sore throat rules the house

Mothers should present the facts to a great novelist and let him write of the trials of a woman whose three children and husband are at home for a week or more with a cold.

Fretful little Junior . . . his sniffing sisters . . . the irritable father out of his element . . . the worry of wondering whether it is just a cold or something worse.

Can such trying sieges be avoided? Oftentimes, yes.

Listerine, the safe antiseptic, used early has checked many and many a cold before it had a chance to get the upper hand.

At the first sign of irritation use Listerine full strength. As a gargle. As a mouth wash. And occasionally diluted, as a nasal douche.

You will be delighted to find what threatened to be a nasty cold is often gone in a day or two.

The antiseptic action of Listerine explains its ability to check cold weather

complaints. The moment it enters the mouth it attacks the disease-producing bacteria that lodge there.

The intelligent thing to do is use it systematically during these cold weather months when "flu" and pneumonia are a constant menace. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Do something about it ~ ~ ~ ~

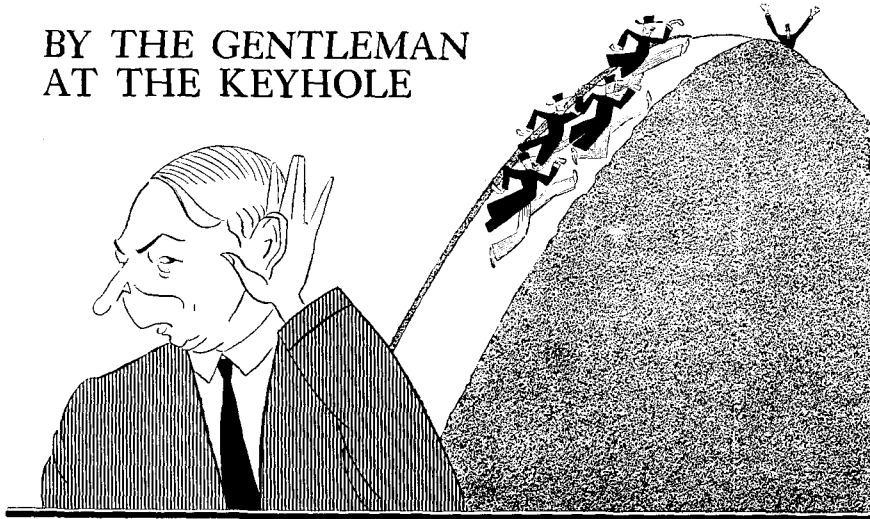
THE NEXT TIME!
The next time you buy a dentifrice ask for Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c the large tube. It has halved the tooth paste bill of more than two million people.

More than 50 diseases
have their beginning or development in the THROAT and nose. Some of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

LISTERINE

-the safe antiseptic

BY THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE



The Wrong Pack

A FORMER chairman of the Democratic National Committee says, "I am very grateful to Clem Shaver. Up to the time he became chairman of the Democratic National Committee I suppose I was the worst chairman the Democratic party ever had. But Mr. Shaver has made it impossible for anyone to say that of me any longer."

Mr. John W. Davis, that last Democratic candidate for President, who picked Mr. Shaver for his job, said to him when the disastrous campaign of 1924 was over, "Well, Clem, don't ever call the committee together, for if you do they will surely kill you."

Mr. Davis said this good-naturedly, for the candidate did not blame the campaign manager for the catastrophe. He had the good sense to know that the chairman was not any worse than the candidate and that if both of them had been the best in the world the result would not have been appreciably different from what it was.

The one thing that Mr. Shaver knows about is hounds. Outside of that he is a West Virginia country gentleman who looks after the interests, political and otherwise, of a Democratic soft-coal operator in his state. The one subject on which he can talk eloquently and well is hounds. On all other subjects he is the most silent man in the world. Beside him Calvin Coolidge is loquacity itself.

He is the outstanding refutation of the belief that by keeping one's mouth shut one can gain the reputation for depth and great wisdom, for being a "strong, silent man." Sometimes a man who does not risk remark for fear of being found out is nevertheless found out. And Mr. Shaver is this one exception to the rule that taciturnity implies a disposition to say only weighty and well-considered things, the fruit of matured wisdom.

Men like Mr. Shaver who are addicted to hounds are a curious fraternity.

The Queerest Fish in Politics

THEY do not ride to the hounds, pursuing a trail made by a scented bag across the countryside. They go out at night alone or with one or two companions. They carry a load of their dogs in coops to some place in the woods where the trail of a fox may be found.

They listen to the baying of their hounds. They know the meaning of every yelp of the pack. They recognize every dog's bark. They swap stories of the running of the famous sire ten generations removed from the hound that is leading the pursuers. They perceive in their imaginations the tricks of the fox as he confuses the hounds. They know when the dogs pick up the lost trail again.

They do not really hunt the fox. They tramp over the countryside to keep the music of the chase in their ears. They spend days looking for lost dogs. They are a solitary lot, reverting to the habits of remote ancestors. Such a man is Mr. Shaver, the queerest fish that ever led a political party.

And this raises the question, Where do

the parties get their national chairmen? Mr. George White, who preceded Mr. Shaver as manager of the Democratic party, was not much better. Of Mr. McCombs, who ran the Wilson campaign, Mr. Wilson thought so little that there was soon a breach between the two. Mr. Willcox, who was national chairman for Mr. Hughes in the campaign against Mr. Wilson, disputes with Mr. Shaver for the rank of the worst party manager there ever was. Mr. Hays, who succeeded him, was a jack-in-the-box who was stripped of his authority but left with his title by Mr. Harding. And Mr. Butler, the present Republican chairman, if he instead of Mr. Shaver had failed by 7,000,000 plurality, would have today a reputation similar to that of Mr. Willcox and Mr. Shaver.

The answer is that politics, which engages the attention of some hundred thousand or more men, produces no politicians. You could count on the fingers of one hand all the real politicians in this country and have some fingers to spare.

"Full of Sound and Fury—"

ONE feels that difficult thing, a slight respect for Senator Willis of Ohio, ever since he refused to be bluffed by the Hoover campaign managers into consenting to let the Secretary of Commerce be the second choice of the Ohio delegates to the next Republican National Convention. Mr. Willis has defied Mr. Hoover to contest the state with him. And at this writing the Secretary of Commerce must back awkwardly out of the Ohio contest or make a fight for the delegation, risking the unpleasantness which a contest with a favorite son always leaves.

I think I know now what is the matter with Mr. Willis, at whose candidacy for the Republican nomination for President everyone in Washington laughs. He does not lack courage or he would have accepted the deal Mr. Hoover's managers offered him: no contest and all the Ohio delegates for a ballot or two, after which they should go to Mr. Hoover. His voice does not fit him. He is funny in the same way as is a huge hulk of a man with a little squeak of a voice. Mr. Willis has a huge voice and very ordinary intellectual attainments, and he measures himself by his voice and not by his mind.

If he had an ordinary voice, he would get by as an average senator. He would not put on the airs of greatness if he did not have a great voice. He is like a man brandishing a stuffed club. The voice arouses expectations which Mr. Willis cannot fulfill. If he had been equipped by nature to say only small things in a small way, he would pass as a tolerably sensible fellow. If he could have said in words that could be heard only by attentive ears, "Harry Daugherty is an honest man," everybody would have thought, "This is just another Republican." But he had to say in a booming voice, "Harry Daugherty is as clean as a hound's tooth," as if he were virtue itself pronouncing a final verdict.

The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 32

"We'll never get anywhere while you holler and yell," I interrupted. Tony looked incredulously from one to the other of the two private detectives.

"Did you ever see such nerve? Here I catch him with my wife and he talks as though I'd done something to him."

"Well, you have," I said. "You threatened me with divorce proceedings and sudden death. All I want to know is if there isn't some way out of this."

"What way could there be out of it?" he asked.

"Why"—and now I openly sneered—"the usual way in matters like this is for the gentleman committing the injury to save the husband's wounds by the payment of money. You two detectives must have taken part in many schemes like this. What's the usual price that the trapped victim pays in order to avoid unpleasantness?"

"He thinks money can square a thing like this," cried Tony.

"Well, if money can't square it, what can?" I asked.

"You think I'd take your money and let the matter drop? You think I could sleep nights, that I could face my friends, all the time knowing that the man who had broken up my home was walking around New York? Every day I'd think to myself that maybe I'd see the man who stole my wife from me! I couldn't live feeling that way."

He paused and breathed heavily. The taller man spoke.

"There never was a cleaner case than this," he said to me. "Why, if Tony bumped you off, there isn't a jury in the world would do a thing to him. Here are two of us to testify that we found you here."

"Then there's no way out except divorce?" I asked.

"What other way out would there be?" cried Tony. "And you ought to feel lucky that I don't put a bullet through you. By God, I'll do it yet. Think I'm going to have you pointed out as the man that stole Tony Sporelli's wife?"

The shorter man shook his head gravely. "As happy a young couple as I ever knew too. It's a damned shame, that's what it is."

The girl on the bed took the cue. "Tony," she sobbed, "can't you ever forgive me?"

"With him walking around where I probably would see him every day? Sally, no man ever loved a girl like I love you. Sure, I could forgive you, if I knew this guy was dead or on the other side of the world where you'd never see him again."

THE tall detective spoke to me. "Why don't you promise him that you'll leave town?"

"What good would his promise be?" asked Tony.

"We'll see him on the boat," said the detective.

"The Majestic?" I smiled.

"Sure," he answered. "It sails tonight. You've got three quarters of an hour to get aboard the boat."

"I suppose you know all the railroad time tables just as accurately," I laughed.

Tony stared at me. "You take that boat tonight—"

"Haven't we kept it up long enough?" I interrupted. "I'm not taking any boat, I'm not paying any money, and you're not going to name me in any divorce case. You know, you have to be married before you can sue for divorce."

The girl sat bolt upright. "You mean to say that Tony and I aren't married?"

I smiled at her. "This is one of the oldest rackets known. Of course you're not married."

She leaped from the bed and almost ran to her dressing table. From a drawer she produced a little book. She thrust it, opened, into my hands. It was the indubitable record of the marriage of Sally Holden to Antonio Sporelli.

Not content with this evidence, she raced again to the dressing table and brought me a photograph of herself in bridal costume standing beside Sporelli.

"No man can accuse me of living with anyone I'm not married to," she cried. "Tony's my husband."

"That's no way to talk," said the shorter man. "This young lady is as decent as anyone."

"I apologize," I laughed. Then I arose from the chair on which I had been sitting.

"Quit bluffing, Sporelli," I said. "If you talk any more about putting a bullet through me, I might take you seriously. I don't threaten, Sporelli. I act."

THERE were three of them and had the circumstances been different, I wouldn't have advanced upon them. But they had not come here prepared for violence, and crooks like these are only violent when they have come prepared in advance. They didn't dream that one man would attack three, and so they were patently alarmed at my deliberate menacing approach.

"A nice little scheme," I complimented them. "I believe that the police call it the badger game, and I think that the district attorney would act on information such as I might give them."

The shorter companion of Sporelli raised a hand. "Take your time, Mr. Gorham," he warned. "Me and my pal are licensed by this state. We don't know anything about any badger game. We haven't heard Mr. Sporelli blackmail you; he hasn't asked you for a cent and wouldn't take a million if you offered it to him. All he's done is say that if you don't get out of the country he'll name you in his divorce case. If that's blackmail, call up the district attorney right now. I guess a man has a right to protect himself from ridicule and contempt." He turned to Sporelli. "Don't say another word, Mr. Sporelli. We've got the goods on this Gorham guy. Just let him try to prove in court that he isn't guilty."

I smiled blandly upon him. "You don't think that I'll take any part in contesting the case? Why, I'll admit I'm guilty. I'll state on the stand—or before that to any newspaper man who may show interest—that Mrs. Sporelli has been my mistress for a long time. How will you like that, Sporelli—you who are so sensitive to ridicule?"

His countenance was ludicrous in his chagrin.

"If you and your wife are as devoted and loving a couple as your friends have told me, how will you like it when I state that instead of arriving here within five minutes after we did, you came when your wife and I had been here an hour?"

Sporelli's swarthy face turned almost purple. He made no effort, verbal or physical, to detain me as I walked out of the apartment.

The marriage certificate, the photograph of the bride and groom, and Mrs. Sporelli's instant resentment at my insinuation that she was not married, had been sufficient suggestion for my course of action. What had looked like possible tragedy had degenerated into broad burlesque.

But, as I walked thoughtfully toward my hotel, I wondered what the next act would be like. Also I felt somewhat flattered at the opinion of my attraction that Runyon had evidently formed. Unquestionably Vonny Candace was believed to be most desperately in love with me. And I wondered that Runyon had not chosen actors in tonight's farce who would at least carry on as far as a divorce trial. Such a scandal would do me no good in the eyes of Yvonne. Then I whistled softly. Scandal was not enough. Runyon wanted me out of the country, and wanted me gone instantly. I wondered what was the necessity of such haste.

(To be continued next week)

GEORGE H. MOSS *says:*

"Any Store Can Be a Big-Town Store"

GEORGE H. MOSS, President of the Raleigh Hardware Co., of Beckley, West Virginia, is a merchant—and a most unusual one.

FARM & FIRESIDE first heard of him a few weeks ago when it was noised about that his store had sold \$262,000 worth of washing machines during 1927.

That's a sales record on a specialty line that many a big-town store might envy.

However, his store is not a big-town store—that is, in the sense that it is located in a large city. For the population of Beckley is only about 8,000.

But it is a big-town store in point of sales volume.

For when the store closed its books on the last day of last year, its sales of hardware and specialty goods for 12 months totaled up approximately \$700,000.

And that is big-time merchandising.

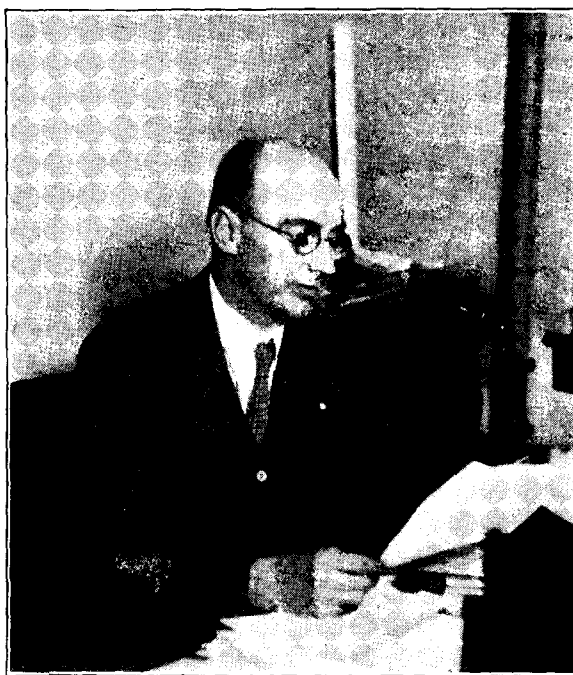
He tells FARM & FIRESIDE

FARM & FIRESIDE went out to see Mr. Moss to get the secret of his success as a small-city merchant. And here are some of the high spots secured in that interview:

"The size of the town your store's located in has less to do with your sales volume than you'd think," says Mr. Moss. And then he added—"Any store in a small town can be a big-town store if it goes about it right."

What does he mean when he says—"if it goes about it right"?

But this is only one of the questions he answers in his interview with FARM & FIRESIDE—which is now published in folder form and available to any dealer who asks for it.



He tells FARM & FIRESIDE how he built a \$700,000 hardware and specialty business in an 8,000 town

Send the Coupon

For instance—have you thought of how you can benefit your sales by building a new store? Or by re-arranging your present store?

Mr. Moss has been through all this. And he gives you his experience.

Should you attempt a large house-to-house selling plan?

He has a crew of 16 to 25 outside men working for him all the time—taking his store into the customer's home. And he tells about some of the problems you run up against when you go into this kind of selling on a big scale.

Are you carrying out any definite program for widening your trading area?

Here he lets you in on the secret of how he has made his store the buying center of three prosperous counties—with a trading population of 125,000.

And are you interested in knowing how many turnovers he makes a year on his \$200,000 stock? How he keeps his investment in slow-moving stock cut right down to minimum? Why he handles nationally advertised goods almost exclusively? And how he is going out strong after a bigger volume of farm trade this year?

Send the coupon—get this story of an outstanding small-city merchandising success.

FARM & FIRESIDE'S Service to Small-City Retailers

This is another interview in FARM & FIRESIDE's series—which makes available to retailers the tried and proven methods for building farm trade, as used by outstandingly successful merchants.

And this work is just a part of the service FARM & FIRESIDE renders in meeting the obligations of leadership in the farm field.

As every dealer knows, the advertisements in this magazine are a real force in influencing more than 1,200,000 farm families to buy. And a glance through any issue immediately shows why this is so—for here is a hundred-per-cent-personal magazine—edited straight to the individual—and read with warmer interest than any other farm publication.

That's why dealers are finding it so profitable to feature and push products advertised in FARM & FIRESIDE—and why manufacturers' advertising in this magazine shows such steady growth.

MAIL THIS

FARM & FIRESIDE
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Scum of the Sea

Continued from page 22

"None better. Might blow out before night?"

Holliday nodded. His face showed the stress of fatigue and lack of sleep, but it had lost its hardness.

"Wudn't wonder. We'll make up for what we've lost. We'll drive her."

"Come through fine, considerin' the swabs we had to work her."

"Scum! I took no chances with 'em."

The barometer was creeping up toward normal, infinitesimally, but rising.

A voice hailed from the companionway, that of the first mate, formally official with the occasion.

"Captain Holliday, there's a red flare on the port bow."

THE skipper and Brookes hurried on deck, forward to where the lookout pointed to a red light, wan in the quarter light of the veiled false dawn. As they gazed it faltered and died out, the sputtering end of a Coston signal. They could barely make out a smudge through the rain, lifting on one of the enormous seas that came surging down at them.

"Masts gone by the board," said Holliday. "She'll have been in the thick of it." The three officers gathered aft, the skipper frowning, issuing orders.

"All hands, Mr. Sullivan," was his first, and the watch below, barely in their bunks, tumbled up unwillingly. Orders came in quick succession. Drums of oil were broken out, lashings thrown off the boats, and lines coiled handy.

The light, seeping through the murk as they lunged on, showed them a dismasted hull, riding to a sea anchor, soggy as a saturated log, dangerously low in the water that broke over her continuously. Little by little things became more distinct: the litter on deck, the figures—intermittently—at the pumps, the stream of water they contrived a mockery against the tons that went cascading down her deck, bursting through the broken bulwarks. The men pumped like automatons whose machinery was running down. There were others on the poop, gazing at the Ocean Queen as she came up to them out of the pallid dawn, tilting at the seas, lower topsails and staysail set, her bows smashing into the brine.

The rain was lessening and so was the wind.

"She'll go inside of an hour or two, Mr. Sullivan," said Holliday. "We'll run down to loo'ard for observation."

Presently Holliday read the name in white lettering on her stern.

"Santa Maria. Bark—Portygee. Nitate. Leakin' like a sieve. Badly found an' overhauled last five years ago."

The ghost of a shout came to them as they put about to work up to windward of the bark after laying an oil slick in her path. An officer was trying to megaphone to them. Holliday had his own in his hand. His face was grim, as were those of Sullivan and Brookes. Rescue was imperative at the earliest moment, but the fearful seas that swept between them made any attempt to tackle it as yet extremely dangerous. There was a mass of wreckage hanging over the starboard side.

"Why in blazes don't they git rid of some of those spars?" said Brookes. "They'll bump a hole in her and she'll go down like a busted bucket. Wire riggin', of course, but they cud do some-thing. Jest like them Spigotties. Go all to pieces."

His criticism covered an anxiety which was abundantly justified. Hardly had he finished speaking when one of the Santa Maria's crew was swept off the rail by a big wave. Pounded by the heaving mass, he disappeared, his mates powerless to help. He was not the first.

The Santa Maria was not very far from foundering. There was no lift to her sluggish wallow.

The Ocean Queen's crew were busy, seeping oakum in oil, bundling it in canvas, piercing that, easing the falls. The Portuguese captain made despairing gestures as if he thought himself aban-

doned while the Ocean Queen tacked and drew ahead.

"Confound the fool!" said Holliday. "Doesn't he know we've got to head him first?"

There were no boats left to the bark. A remnant of one dangled from one of the davits, the rest were stripped. The stumpage of her masts showed jagged. The hands at the pumps had ceased their pygmy efforts. Most of the crew were clinging to the rail, their faces white masks of despairing entreaty.

As the Ocean Queen was working well ahead of the doomed bark, Holliday looked at his crew doubtfully. How many of them could actually handle oars? Oil, at best, would only smooth the crests of the billows, not rob them of their power. Rum had been served out. He called them aft, spoke to them at the break of the poop.

"We've got to get them off, men," he said brusquely. "It's a risky job. I'll ask for volunteers."

the rail with hands that gripped it with despairing strength.

She was almost awash, waterlogged, ready to sink, while the seas went ramping and roaring, for all the slick of oil that smoothed their manes.

"She's going," gasped Holliday. The Santa Maria gave a lurch as a head sea submerged her. They thought she was gone, but she rode through, though undoubtedly she was on the brink of foundering.

The Ocean Queen's lifeboat soon reached the Santa Maria. In taking her round the bark Brookes, the old whaler, made no mistakes. To avoid the pounding wreckage he had to exercise extreme caution, but contact was established with the bark. The wild-eyed, shivering Portuguese jumped aboard—they had not far to jump. The Portuguese captain, true to tradition, was the last to leave.

Brookes had perfect confidence in two capable aids—Jamaica Joe knew ships

the next, littering the sea, the wreckage of mast and spar, torn loose, drifting far astern.

At noon there was the hint of a watery sun, rents in the wrack of cloud. At sunset the sky was clear of all save cumuli of trade clouds. The Ocean Queen was set from truck to deck, her royals full, even her studding-sails added. Holliday paced the deck, intent on solving the problem of the Portuguese. Driven far out of his course by this time, his record was spoiled, but he might in a measure make it up if the weather held fair and they had luck across the Line. On the other hand, the ship's provisions might run low before she made the Gate.

There were no chanteys that night, though the ship went sweetly. The log showed a terse record of the meeting with the bark, the bare fact of rescue and the death of Wilson.

It was not entirely superstition that left Wilson's bunk unoccupied, though there were none to spare. The picture tacked to it remained there. His ditty bag was stowed in it until the skipper announced the usual auction of his effects.

The Portuguese problem was solved on the following day. The tramp Lion d'Or, bound for Arica, came along, and the Santa Maria's survivors were transhipped—a bit of luck for them.

The Ocean Queen sailed on northward. The fluky winds about the Line were kind. Holliday's face cleared. He had removed the hoodoo from the ship, proved himself a capable commander and he had a record that would stand—these days.

IT WAS while they hung off the Farallones awaiting a pilot that a delegation came aft to "speak to the captain." Old Andrews seemed to be the spokesman, but his speech failed him, and Harris, the larrikin, made delivery as Holliday, instinctively suspicious of any "committee," looked at them with hard eyes.

"It's this w'y, sir," said Harris. "Wilson, 'e 'as a wife an' a new babbly—new to 'im. There's some more kids. They'll be waitin' for 'im. 'E was goin' to quit the sea an' go farmin'."

"Well"—Andrews had set down a thin packet, wrapped in canvas—"what's this?"

Holliday opened it and looked at the face of the woman who would come to the wharf in vain, to meet sorrow instead of love. The sea had claimed its own.

"We'd like it," Harris went on, "if you'd tyke a matter of a couple of quid apiece out of wot's comin' to us—all 'ands. If you pay us off, we're like as not to split up, an' cash melts fast after the first drink."

"It won't amount to much, mebbe, to 'er, but it'll 'elp with the kids. Ten dollars apiece, sir. An' there ain't no need to s'y where it comes from. She likely knew 'e 'ad some savin's. Thet photograph was in 'is bunk."

Holliday cleared his throat.

"All right, men," he said, and they went aft, shuffling awkwardly. They were poor sailors yet, save Andrews and Joe of Jamaica.

When the subscription list was audited it bore no names. But the amount included twenty dollars apiece from the mates and fifty from Holliday. The owners might or might not be liberal. He took a gamble on a possible bonus in the shape of "primage," and no one knew what sum he contributed.

It was evening before he was free to visit certain cronies.

"An able ship and a fairly fast trip," he said. "Lost one man. One out of the only two in the crew."

"They don't make sailors nowadays," commented one of his friends. "I'll bet you picked up a rotten bunch at Sydney."

"I was lucky with the mates," said Captain Holliday. "As for the rest, they were just scum—scum of the sea!"

A good look at AL SMITH

What is he like? What is his political philosophy? Why has he been so successful in New York? Would his church influence him as President? These questions and others are answered candidly by one of the ablest political writers in America—

FRANK R. KENT

In next week's COLLIERS



Wilson stepped out promptly, old Andrews close beside him, his beard whipped like a wet rag, his old eyes shining. Then, to Holliday's surprise, the rest lurched forward.

"The whole bloody lot of us, Cap'n," said Harris, the larrikin, grinning, the rum warm in his belly. "Tyke yore chice."

The skipper surveyed them keenly. "Pick your men, Brookes," he said. "You can have Wilson and the nigger."

The six men picked by Brookes took their seats, fending clear as they were lowered, casting off, pulling hard as a wave raced along and bore them away, the boat like a feebly struggling water insect in a millrace. Holliday watched their progress with somber eyes.

HERE his fine seamanship counted. Short-handed though he was, he succeeded in working the Ocean Queen without mishap: he took her well clear of the Santa Maria and hove to. It was unsafe to lie close, and he awaited the results of the perilous adventure.

Meanwhile the rescuers were desperately trying to preserve themselves as the storm toyed with them. Brookes, as coxswain, crouching on his feet in the stern, swaying to the motion of his boat, used all his strength and skill.

Up and over the crest, down into the troubled trough where the jolting water eddied in miniature maelstroms and cross-seas rose blindly and struck at them as they struggled up the next wave, without the protection of the ship's lee, whirled and tossed, the men sought to keep stroke. No sun shone, the drama was staged in black and white with just a hint of green in the surges where the Santa Maria rode more and more sluggishly, her crew standing by



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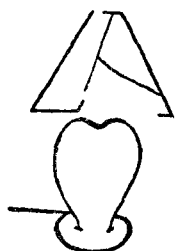
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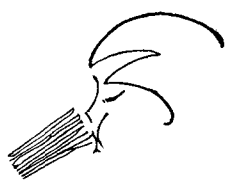
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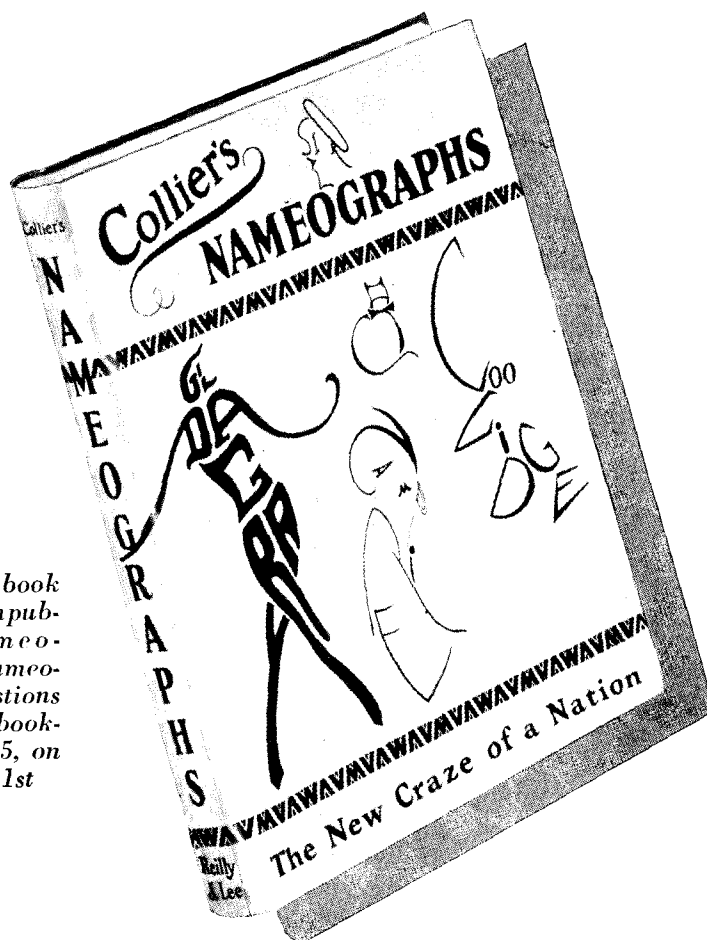


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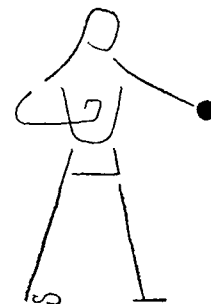
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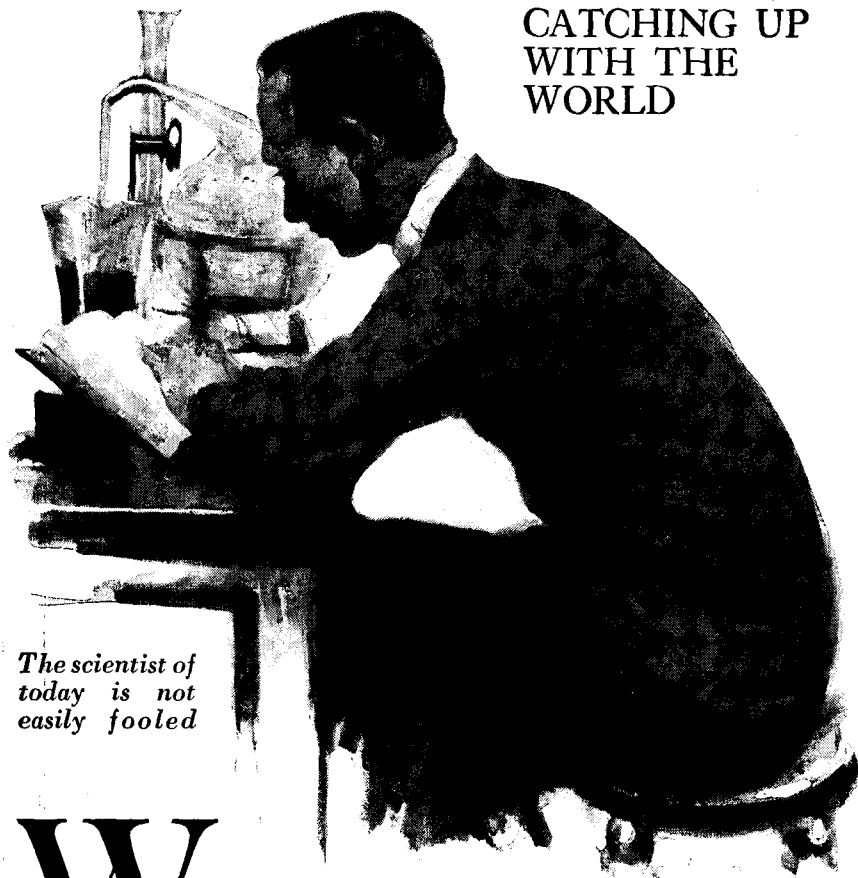
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The scientist of today is not easily fooled

Why water climbs trees

THE claim of Sir J. C. Bose that he has found a pulsating, heartlike action in plants to account for the paradox of water running uphill in them as sap, is sharply challenged by plant physiologists in this country, and their colleagues in England and on the Continent are also rousing themselves from the polite silence they have hitherto maintained in regard to the sensational claim of the Indian savant. In especial, Dr. D. T. MacDougal of the Carnegie Institution of Washington is on the warpath, and he is receiving whoops of encouragement from the camps of science.

The trouble is, the plant students allege, that nobody but Sir Jagadis has ever seen these pulsations. Not even he, they state, has actually seen them. The oscillations of the indicator on a highly complex and touchy machine attached to a plant are all he sees. These might have been caused by plant pulsations, but might also and more easily have been due to any one of a dozen other unobservable and uncontrollable factors. Literary critics and eminent politicians have acclaimed this discovery, but not the botanists.

But if plants don't pump the water up their stems, how does it get up? Clear up to the 400-foot top of a big tree or a eucalyptus? Fast enough to replace the loss by evaporation of a barrel a day by an average-sized tree?

The physiologists have their answer. The evaporation from the leaves does the pulling, they say, and the columns of water are hauled literally like thin silver wires. H. H. Dixon, a British botanist, has found that if a thin column of water is supported on all sides it will bear astonishing loads before it breaks, and the work of Dr. MacDougal and others confirms this.

Before Dixon there was a German experimenter, E. Askenasy, who actually caused evaporation from a porous porcelain surface to pull up a column of water spliced to a column of mercury, until the latter stood well above the approximate 30 inches to which atmospheric pressure will lift it against a vacuum.

For a long time the Askenasy effect was so difficult to reproduce that it was looked upon with suspicion, as being either quite fictitious or due to an accident. But Miss Grace Lubin of

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON
Director
Science Service

the Michigan State Board of Health has worked out the method again in the laboratory of Professor B. E. Livingston at the Johns Hopkins University. So now all comers can see, if they like, a yard of water hauling a yard of mercury up a glass tube after it. All it needs is a porous porcelain cup, scrupulously clean glass tubing, clean water and clean mercury—plus skill and patience.

The Soil of Aristocracy

MAN, we all know, is made of mud. Geographers have recently added to this truth another one: Man's institutions depend largely on the kind of mud in which he happens to be stuck. In a general way, it has always been recognized that the stony soil and bleak climate of New England prevented the weed of slavery from growing as luxuriantly as it did in warm, moist Cottonland. But recent studies show that geographical predestination holds not only in a general way but startlingly in detail.

Through Alabama runs a Black Belt of fertile soil. Within it the farm buildings of the white folk are worth several times as much as in other parts of the state; there is very little illiteracy among the whites, and low interest rates betoken stable prosperity. But turn to the black side of the shield. Within this same favored region of rich soil the Negroes are most illiterate and their farms least valuable. "In the Black Belt," says Professor Huntington of Yale, "the farm buildings of the whites are worth from five to eight times as much as those of the colored people; elsewhere only about twice as much."

Where the soil is richest the rich are richest and the poor are poorest, and therefore society is most aristocratic in tone. This is as true politically as economically, for the Black Belt was the last stronghold in ante-bellum days of the conservative Whigs when the rest of the state was swept by Jacksonian democracy (the Negro, of course, could not vote in either camp). We wonder if some similar cause fated the rich valleys of the Nile, the Euphrates and the Ganges to autocracy and caste, while democracy was born in rocky Greece and Switzerland.

The Black Coyote

Continued from page 24

thing; like the nestful of meadow lark's eggs, it meant hardly more than a single gulp to the coyote and left him almost as ravenous as before.

A few moments later there came a sudden spurt of fire from the edge of the wash, accompanied by the crack of a rifle, and a bullet spat sharply against a rock at the coyote's flank. Some boy or ranch hand had taken a shot at him.

The fact that the bullet missed gave little satisfaction to the prowler. He left that vicinity with a speed something better than that of an express train. There was no time for a second shot.

By the time he reached the sage brush of his own domain once more about midnight he was tired, and hungrier than ever.

THE odors of the poultry yards on the home ranch seemed more than usually enticing. The Black Coyote lifted his muzzle and sniffed longingly.

Then—

It sounded like a hen suddenly disturbed on the roost, a broken, alarmed cackle, as though a pullet were protesting, frightened, at being aroused from sleep. But it did not come from the hen houses or turkey yards. It came from the brush of the mesa, a hundred yards or more away from the ranch buildings. The coyote's ears took in every sound. The alarmed cackle was repeated. There was more than one hen out there.

Cautiously the Black Coyote slipped through the darkness. Hens—hens out in the brush! His nose told him that. But his nose told him also what his ears denied—that there were men about.

Without a sound to disclose his presence, the Black Coyote came closer. At each clump of sage he paused, becoming indistinguishable from the brush itself. Presently he could see the hens that had made the noise. There were three of them, dim white balls in the darkness. His sense warned him of no trap here, and the man smell was faint.

Still, he checked himself. It was that ability, perhaps, to wait and make doubly sure before rushing in when all seemed safe that had prolonged his life beyond that of most of his kind and made him a marked animal. Something moved, ever so slightly, along the ground hardly a yard from where he stood—and another of the hens cackled distressfully, stretching out a leg. Silently, as he had come, and still more cautiously, the Black Coyote slipped back toward the open mesa. Pebbles do not move on the ground of their own accord. Men, when they are silent at night, are usually either sleeping or holding guns.

Again at a safe distance from the three hens, that still continued to squawk intermittently, the Black Coyote circled the entire group of ranch buildings. Then he gave tongue, a short, querulous, inquiring cry, that ended abruptly while he listened. No answering bark came from the ranch.

Once again the Black Coyote yapped querulously, nearer this time. Then, for nearly twenty minutes, everything was still.

The two men lay motionless, peering toward the bait, their ears strained to catch the slightest sound, hoping fervently that their quarry would make his rush while the moon still favored. Once Westley turned his head, thinking he heard something in the direction of the poultry yards. Had his ears been more acute, he would have recognized it as a shaking of the chicken wire. For a quarter of an hour the Black Coyote had been digging industriously, pausing every few moments to make sure that everything was still safe, until he had scooped a hole through which he could crawl into the pen. The shaking of the wire was made by his back, as he crawled under the edge of it.

The next moment such a clamor arose that Westley, out on the mesa, listened in amazement, then jumped to his feet.

"Come on!" he shouted. "He's in the poultry yards!" With Garnett at his heels, he ran toward the pens.

At the hen roost there was wild confusion. The Black Coyote went momentarily insane with the lust of killing, snapping right and left, while the terrified hens squawked and flew in every direction, bumping into each other and into the wire indiscriminately. Then, warned by the shouting of the men, he seized one of the hens and raced for the hole under the wire.

The hen was too big. The man, running and shouting, was too close. The Black Coyote managed to wriggle through the hole, only to find the man almost on top of him. Even at that he would have kept his grip on the hen and made his get-away if, as he wriggled clear, some sharp wire or nail had not scratched his flank. He doubled over, supple as a cat, and snapped at the spot—and dropped the hen in doing it. Then he was clear and running into the darkness with the speed of the wind. And a white hen jumped and bounced about in its death spasm.

"Stand there," Westley commanded the panting Garnett, "and shoot anything that isn't a hen. I left that damn flashlight out there on the ground. I'll get a lantern."

The examination a few minutes later disclosed no coyote.

"I thought I saw one slide into the dark just as I came up," Westley explained, "but I can't be sure. Say!"

But inside the yard he found the stiffened bodies of six fat Orpingtons. With the one that had been carried under the edge of the wire, that made seven in all.

"If it hadn't been for this, nearly every one of those hens would have gone down to the Los Angeles show this winter."

They picked up the dead fowls and were about to fill in the hole under the chicken wire when Westley had an idea.

"Hold on!" he said. "Coyotes have one blind spot. I'll set a trap here instead of filling this in. That baby may come back and make another try. They sometimes do—even the smartest of 'em. If he doesn't, we can fill the hole up in the morning."

He got a steel trap from the barn and buried it in the dirt at the bottom of the hollow the coyote had dug, fastening the chain to an iron picket pin that he drove firmly into the ground.

"That," he remarked grimly as he finished smoothing over the loose earth, "will be the finish of Mr. Coyote if he's fool enough to try it twice in the same place. I've known fellows to get 'em that way after everything else failed. So we may possibly get our friend in spite of his being so gosh-awful smart. And now"—he knocked the dirt off his hands—"we might as well call it a night and turn in."

Before they went to bed they turned the dogs loose again from the incubator cellar, where they had been shut in. One was a huge beast, a cross between a mastiff and some lesser breed, with the bulk of a calf and the heart of a sheep. But the other was a born fighter, a fast-footed mongrel, the size of a collie, short-haired and iron-jawed, with a dash of bull-terrier blood.

FAR up in the foothills the Black Coyote was nosing along, hungry as ever, following a telltale suggestion the breeze carried down from an upper pasture. The moon had set, and the night was black as a ravine when he came upon what he sought—a new-born calf huddled against its mother's flank.

For more than two hours he circled the pair, now waiting hopefully, now making a sudden rush, but always the lowered head and menacing horns balked his hungry efforts. Finally he followed his dry arroyo once more to the ranch.

While he was still at quite a distance from the buildings he stopped and howled inquiringly. Instantly the dogs responded. Turning silently in a big

semicircle, the Black Coyote howled again from the other side of the ranch, and immediately the barking of the two dogs, that had died away after the first outburst, was renewed. Again the coyote yapped questioningly, nearer this time, and again the dogs responded fiercely. Then, after a long pause, the inquisitive yapping broke out afresh, this time almost at the corner of the barn.

With a storm of barks the short-haired dog rushed to repel the intruder, the big hound lumbering safely along behind him. The Black Coyote lured them into following him. Finally, nearly half a mile from the ranch, he turned unexpectedly, opening his long jaws full into the leader's face, then shot away into the darkness like a bullet. A dozen jumps and he turned again, heading straight for the ranch. With the dogs still barking uncertainly in the brush at the stop where they had lost him, the Black Coyote raced swiftly to the poultry yards.

There everything was still once more. Along the horizon the first gray streak of dawn was just appearing. In the dim light the hollow he had dug under the chicken wire appeared to be just as he had left it. The man smell was all about, but here in man's particular domain that smell was everywhere. And that hole—he had dug it himself. Pausing for only an instant, he started to crawl under the edge of the pen.

There was a sharp snap. A paralyzing pain shot through his foot and foreleg. As he jumped to free himself he rattled the chicken wire, and the clucking of terrified hens again rose into the night. Trapped at last, he sensed that the end would come swiftly. From the mesa the dogs dashed back to the ranch.

By the time Westley arrived on the scene the coyote was standing close against the wire, a lurching shape in the darkness, with the dogs barking their throats out in front of him, less than a yard away. Although two to one, they were slow to come to grips with the cornered beast.

"Get back there!" yelled Westley. Then, as Garnett joined him, he shouted above the din: "We've got him, all right! He may have led a charmed life so far, but we've got him now! I haven't got a shot at him yet because of the dogs!"

Just then the dogs separated, one on each side of the trapped animal. In-

stantly Westley raised his gun. His eyes were still unaccustomed to the darkness, but it was a dead shot—he couldn't miss. The Black Coyote was less than fifteen feet away from him, weaving back and forth, tugging uselessly at the trap, snarling with rage and defiance and terror at the dogs. Without hesitation Westley pulled the trigger; if the first charge of buckshot didn't do its work, the second would.

But with the roar and flame from the gun, a miracle happened. Instead of dropping dead, the Black Coyote darted away into the night, the dogs at his heels. Westley and Garnett stood dumfounded, unable to believe their senses.

Running as he had never run before, with one forefoot terribly lacerated, the Black Coyote made straight for the arroyo. He had no buckshot in him.

The dogs, piling into the arroyo on his trail, found only a confusion of scent and blood spots.

At the chicken yard Westley picked one of the jaws of the trap from under the chicken wire. Beside it was the heavy steel spring.

"I have it," he announced finally, with bitter conviction. "Look!" he put the different parts of the trap together. "For once that coyote did have luck—just when he needed it. Can you beat it? The trap must have jerked up just as I fired, so that it was a foot or so in the air. Then the buckshot, still all bunched in a wad because the muzzle of the gun was so close there hadn't been any chance for it to spread out, knocked the darn trap all to smithereens, while the coyote was protected besides!"

"Isn't possible!" exclaimed Garnett. "Never heard of such a thing!"

Westley smiled grimly. "I have," he said. "Only the trap was smashed with a pick handle instead of buckshot. One of the ranchers up the valley told me about it, couple of years ago. It was with a bobcat. He aimed at the critter's head, and missed it and hit the trap instead. They're made that way—one blow, landing just right, can knock 'em all apart. And the worst of it is," he added bitterly, "that black devil got off scot-free! Trapped, first time in his life, right here in the yard, after killing seven hens, and I go and set him free with a charge of buckshot, so he can kill some more!"

Safe in the cool-warm earth of his burrow, under the cactus roots, the Black Coyote licked his lacerated paw. He was desperately hungry.

The Man Who IS

Continued from page 14

thousand dollars was a lot of money in Nebraska in the early nineties. "I have no interest in that subject," replied Dawes. "It wouldn't even amuse the public."

A few years ago Dawes visited Bryan at Miami, Fla. As he went about the Commoner's magnificent house he asked: "Well, Bryan, what do you think now of the great idea that no American citizen should have more than \$100,000?" Bryan smiled one of his thin-lipped smiles. "This is a different age we live in," he replied.

Dawes' friendship for Lowden dates from the time when Lowden was one of the five rich men who helped him start his Chicago bank. But politics is a selfish business. There isn't any rule like "women and children first," in getting into the Presidential lifeboat. The rule is the devil take the hindmost.

And Lowden is one of the hindmost. He cannot be nominated, and his continuance in the race is destroying the chance that once seemed promising of Dawes for the nomination. Still Dawes declines to be a rival of his friend for the Presidency.

One may compare his treatment of Lowden with Roosevelt's treatment of La Follette in 1912. Roosevelt had encouraged La Follette to become a candidate. La Follette had about as much chance then as Lowden has now. When Roosevelt decided that he wanted the nomination himself he asserted the pre-

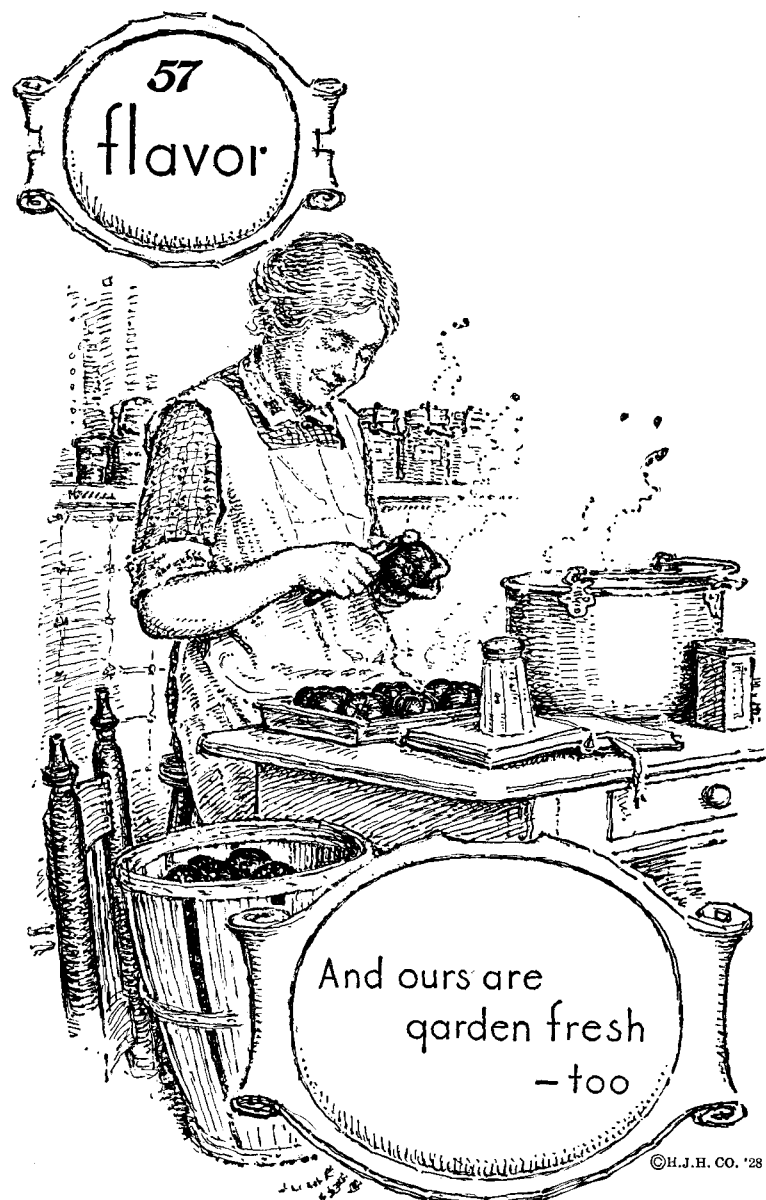
rogative of greatness and brushed La Follette aside as if he were an insect.

Just as Wilson during the war asked us to be neutral not only in word and deed but also in thought, Dawes, so far as one can learn, tries not to be a candidate not only in word or in deed but in thought. He insists that he is for his friend Lowden. He would like to be President, no doubt, but not at the cost of sacrificing a friendship.

His is Not a One-Track Mind

IF HIS chances disappear through his quixotism, he still has the pleasure which a romantic nature finds in quixotism. And other pleasures he has too, his friends, books—he reads, besides those about Napoleon, archæology, especially American archæology, philosophy and memoirs. He reads the classics in the Loeb series with the Greek or Latin on one page and the English translation on the opposite page. And music—he has written music and plays music, and financed opera. His isn't a one-track mind. His life is a full one for a business man or a politician. He does not concentrate, even on the Presidency. He will have other worthwhile things if he does not get the Presidency, and among them an undiminished gusto of Dawes for Dawes, who "is not so great a man as he thinks he is," but is nevertheless a pretty sizable and mighty attractive person.

This thick, spicy Heinz Ketchup unlocks the deepest secrets of the natural flavors of tender, inch-thick chops, steaks, roasts, fish, baked-brown beans. For Heinz Ketchup is a flavor that *brings out* flavor. . . Its *own* taste? Think of sugar and spices and cool, green vines bending low under crimson tomatoes, fat, and ripe, and juicy in the sun.



Perhaps you have a garden. And know the superb flavor of ripe tomatoes eaten fresh off the vines. . . So you can imagine why we go to so much trouble to catch that exact flavor for Heinz Ketchup. For our kitchens are located where we can bottle up this wonderful freshness as soon as the tomatoes are picked.

We grow our own seeds and plants, you see. And the tomatoes are ripened on the vines and are picked just when they're at their reddest and plumpest and juiciest...

Then we go to the Orient to select the spices, and blend them to give exactly the right zip. The vinegar is our own mellowed, aged-in-wood kind. And then of course there is the fifty-nine years' experience in making things taste good. It is this ingredient that has made the name Heinz mean Flavor . . .

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY • PITTSBURGH, PA.

How would you play it?

North

♠ 9-3
♥ K-5-3-2
♦ K-9-8-4-2
♣ 10-3

East

♠ 8-6-2
♥ A-Q-10-7
♦ J-10
♣ Q-8-6-5

West

♠ 7-5-4
♥ J-8-4
♦ Q-6-5
♣ J-9-7-4

South

♠ A-K-Q-J-10
♥ 9-6
♦ A-7-3
♣ A-K-2

These hands were broadcast by Mr. Work on Tuesday evening, February 14th. Compare your playing of them with his complete description of the play given below.

By
MILTON C. WORK
Author of
Auction Bridge Complete

THE one question that arises in the auction of this hand is in connection with South's initial bid. He clearly had a close choice between three Spades and one Spade, and a strong brief could be presented for either bid. In favor of one Spade could be advanced the doctrine, with which all expert bidders will concur, that it rarely pays to preempt when holding strength in three suits.

On the other hand, assuming that South started by bidding one, his partner's bid was not apt to be helpful in this case as, with the hundred honors, South would be sure to rebid his Spades if North bid No Trump or any of the other three suits. South had eight practically sure tricks at a Spade contract in his own hand and needed but little help from partner to make game; not to mention the 100 for honors. There was just a chance that the adversaries, if permitted to bid Hearts, could push that declaration to an extreme which would be disagreeable to South—not at all probable, but just possible. Furthermore, an adverse bid may be lead-directing and work badly for the Declarer. South was obliged to grasp one horn or the other of his dilemma, and he selected the preemptive horn, bidding three Spades. Of course none of the other players had anything to say over that declaration.

The Play

WEST started the play by leading the Four of Clubs. Declarer, realizing the possibility that West had led from the Queen-Jack of Clubs, played the Ten from Dummy, and, when East played the Queen, false-carded, playing the Ace instead of the King.

The Declarer, with the Deuce and Trey of Clubs in his own hands, knew that West's Four was his lowest; that West consequently had just four Clubs, and that East must have just four also. So he would have no difficulty in winning two Club tricks and ruffing the third Club in Dummy. He surely could take five Spade tricks with Closed Hand's five honors and could exhaust the adverse Spades unless one adversary held six, which was not probable; he would then have two Diamond tricks assured, leaving three losing cards in his Closed Hand. If the Ace of Hearts should be in the West hand, he could of course win a Heart trick with Dummy's King; but if the Ace should be in the East hand, the King could not win with the Heart lead coming from South. However, the hand presented an opportunity to deceive East into throwing

away a trick. Declarer must lose one Diamond; if West should play small on the first Diamond trick (as is likely) why not take the loss immediately and pass the trick up to East? Then, unless East should lead a Heart (which is most unlikely with King in Dummy), Declarer almost surely will be able

to make a Small Slam. Playing upon this basis, South led the Three of Diamonds to trick 2 and, when West played the Five, Dummy ducked, playing the Eight. East won with the Ten of Diamonds and naturally returned his partner's Club, expecting that West would win this trick (although of course South might be false-carding); if West won, with no more Clubs in Dummy, he would lead through the King of Hearts. That play, if South had two Hearts, would save the game for East and West. At that time East could not see that a Slam threatened and so had no reason for cashing his Ace of Hearts.

Declarer won the second Club trick with his King and immediately led another round of Clubs, ruffing with the Nine in Dummy. To trick 4 he led a trump from Dummy and, winning in Closed Hand, continued the suit until the adverse trumps were exhausted.

Then he led the Ace of Diamonds from Closed Hand, watching eagerly to see if both adversaries followed. If one of them had failed to do so, his only chance would have been to lead a Heart, hoping the Ace was in the West hand, in which case he would have made five-odd; but with the Ace of Hearts in the East hand, he would have made four-odd. However, when both adversaries followed to the second Diamond lead, Declarer was assured of a Small Slam, because, winning with the third Diamond in Dummy, there would be two established Diamonds in that hand on which the two losing Hearts in the Closed Hand could be discarded.

The throwing away of the first Diamond trick is a type of play which will frequently confuse even the most skillful adversaries, and as a result they permit slams which they could save if they knew what was going on.

In next week's issue Mr. Work will play the Collier's Radio Bridge Hands, to be broadcast Tuesday evening, February 21st, at ten o'clock Eastern Standard Time, through these stations: WEA, New York; WEEI, Boston; WJAR, Providence; WTIC, Worcester; WTIC, Hartford; WGR, Buffalo; WFI, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WCHS, Portland, Me.; WSM, Nashville; WHAS, Louisville; WGY, Schenectady; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WTAM, Cleveland; WWJ, Detroit; WSAI, Cincinnati; WGN, Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WSB, Atlanta; WMC, Memphis; WHO, Des Moines; WOW, Omaha; WTMJ, Milwaukee.

Free, White and Female

Continued from page 18

She closed the door, and for the first time since she had left the shelter of the Bundy ménage she felt a sense of unease, almost of alarm. Some sixth sense told her she was in the presence of something hidden, something which, perhaps, would not bear the light of day. . . . And the thing, whatever it was, had to do with the Blades, generation-long enemies of her house.

"WE WILL listen," said Mr. Bundy, "to the report of the committee." "She treated us almost as well," said Damon, "as if we were total strangers." "Businesslike manner," said Pythias. "But we never laughed once," said Damon.

"Did you see this side-kick of hers?" asked Gelon.

"Did we! Gentlemen, one and all; we not only seen her, we scrutinized her," said Pythias.

"She's what the folks up in Vermont call a slightly prospect," said Damon.

"Be coherent," said Mr. Bundy, "and get down to brass tacks. You went to find out, not to admire."

"How was business?" asked Theron.

"Brisk," said Damon. "While we sat there for half an hour they refused about two dozen invitations to this and that. With haughty voices too."

"It looked like their first open date," said Pythias, "was the first week in December."

"There's no money in that," said Mr. Bundy.

"Food won the war," said Damon succinctly.

"Gadding every night," said Mr. Bundy.

"No evasions or concealments," said Pythias. "Frank and open as a bass drum in a parade."

"Wide and comprehensive knowledge of night clubs and speak-easies," said his brother.

"Is this girl a fit companion for Martha?" asked Mr. Bundy.

"Why," said Pythias, "this Jerry Breen person looks to me like a straight shooter. More apt to get herself into trouble than anybody else."

"The question is," Theron said, "are they making a living? Will this fool scheme of theirs pay at the box office?"

"I think maybe they'll get past on their tantes-ensembles, so to speak, till the novelty wears off," Pythias said.

"He means," said Damon, "that any purchaser of art will be prima facie favorably disposed toward two pairs of such high-class legs."

"Silent salesmen," said Gelon.

"See any men around?" asked Mr. Bundy.

"No. Heard of several," said Pythias.

"Nuts," said Damon. "Artists and authors and shady characters like that."

"I guess you boys'll have to take up night life as a side line. I'm too dog-gone old," said Mr. Bundy, "but somebody's got to keep an eye on her."

"We'll take her on watch and watch," said Theron, "and report to Pa and make his mouth water."

"I saw Mort Blade and his old man studying our new sign today," said Gelon. "They gave one the impression of snickering up a sleeve."

"That outfit would admire to do us a meanness," said Mr. Bundy.

"They better order 'em a twelfth dozen hospital cots apiece if they start anything," said Gelon. "But what could they do? The plan's open and shut."

"It looks like we'd have to sink a sight of money in it before it begins to pay back," said Mr. Bundy.

"He's getting nervous," said Pythias confidentially.

"We'll have to bolster up his morale," said the other elder twin.

"I got just as much backbone as any of you," said the old gentleman, "and a heap more common sense. All you boys have is a vacant place to store common sense if you ever catch any. We've paid down twenty-five thousand for that land. Owe seventy-five thousand on mortgage. I bet the improve-

ments cost two-three times what you estimate."

"The more I look at it," said Pythias, "the more I think we ought to go in hook, line and sinker."

"Why?"

"Quicker and bigger clean-up."

"You're darn casual about risking all the Bundy eggs," said the old gentleman.

"The family rule gives you the veto power," said Gelon.

"Mighty lucky for a man with a litter of bug-eyed lunatics," said Mr. Bundy. "But to get back to Martha: what about her?"

"Any way we can plug up her game?" asked Theron.

"No," said Damon and Pythias with one voice.

"It looks to me," said Mr. Bundy, "like a mighty unhealthy life for a girl to be leading."

"Mr. Bundy," said Damon, "it's all of that."

"In the matter of wimmin," said Mr. Bundy, "a man is all-fired helpless."

"Did she mention paying us a visit?" asked Gelon.

"She's forgotten where we live," said Pythias.

"Let's go look at the investment," said Pythias.

They drove down the road half a mile to its junction with the turnpike and then swung west upon that much-traveled highway. It was open country, much of it still under cultivation. Old farmhouses nestled here and there under fine old trees, and the roofs of distant villages lifted themselves into visibility in the middle distance. Presently dwellings appeared more frequently, and when they stopped before their purchase it was possible to look along the road and see actual buildings of a business character within half a mile.

THEY drove onward toward denser population. Presently they came to a district of laid-out streets and a sprinkling of houses. A large public school was in process of erection. Corners were occupied by gasoline stations or dingy houses converted into stores. Upon one corner a farsighted individual had commenced the erection of a fine three-story business structure.

"It's moving this way," said Pythias enthusiastically.

"Nothing can stop it," said Damon.

"Old New York's bulging," said Gelon.

"They've got to come some place, and this is the easiest line to travel. Look what's happened to Long Island in five years!"

"Look what's happened around here in two years," said Theron. "Moving out by thousands."

"Population creates land values," said Mr. Bundy didactically.

"Our piece is a center," said Theron.

"Things are moving toward it from all directions. The city is reaching out from the west, the town over there is growing from the south and east. It looks to me like we sat on a strategic spot."

"The safe thing," said Mr. Bundy, "is to sit and wait and hang on."

"Down with the unearned increment," said Pythias. "You ought to be ashamed, Pa, to sit back and let other folks create wealth for you."

"Parasitic, I'd say," said Damon.

"But you can't lose," said Mr. Bundy stubbornly.

"Look there," said Gelon, pointing to a huge, white-staked area. "That's all been laid out this last week. I bet there's a thousand lots there. And not a quarter of a mile from us. Five hundred families, average of five to the family. Twenty-five hundred people on that piece alone."

"And they've got to have stores to buy in," said Pythias.

"What's that gang doing there?" asked Mr. Bundy, pointing to several men busied with some occupation near the road.

"Setting up a big sign. Let's go in

for literature and see what it says."

They drew up by the roadside and waited. The sign arose presently.

"By heck! Auction of lots. The Wanger Company's back of it. Sunday! Now, that's something."

"You boys lay off of me," said Mr. Bundy. "I don't want to get enthusiastic. I want to be the fellow that lays back and objects and keeps things on an even keel."

A second car drew up a couple of hundred feet away and paused to observe the sign. It was a very modern car, a vindictive-looking roadster, in which sat Mortimer Blade and his father—the latter a handsome man in the late fifties, slender, manicured, barbered and tailored. His face wore no pleasant expression, and that of his son was morose.

"Scrapping again, I bet you," said Theron. "They always are."

"No family life," said Mr. Bundy. "Lack cohesion. Divorces and that sort of thing."

"Pretty stylish, though," said Theron slyly.

"Maybe," said the old gentleman. "We Bundys bag at the knees and don't smoke cigarettes with monograms—but we stick together."

The other car started again and drove past. Mr. Blade nodded coldly; Mortimer smiled with a trace of oil and turned to say something to his father which was inaudible to the Bundys. They would have been disturbed had they overheard it.

"One member of that family's got some kick," said he.

Mr. Blade scowled. "I'm not interested in Bundys."

"You would be in the woman of the species," said Mortimer. "I'm cultivating her."

"Do you know what happened to the last Blade who interested himself in a Bundy woman?"

"I understand," said Mortimer, "he was shot. But shooting has gone out of style."

"Possibly," said Mr. Blade. "But do the Bundys know it? They're not so damn modish, you know."

"I can look out for myself," said Mortimer.

"I believe your great-grandfather made the same remark," said his father. He shrugged his shoulders. "What I interest myself in is this real-estate excursion of theirs. I think I shall have to investigate it. There's no money in the world I could spend with a sharper appetite than Bundy money."

"Is there a chance to get at them?"

"I'm waiting to see," said Mr. Blade. "Waiting to see if they spread themselves thin. . . . At which time," he said with a compression of the lips, "I shall be present and ready."

MARTHA was becoming acquainted with New York. She found it a city of many cities, a city of diverse overlapping circles—interesting, thrilling. She met entertaining people, queer people, intelligent people, dangerous people—and loved every instant of it. Her heart's desire—to become in some measure a citizen of the close-walled little community of the creative arts—was well on its way to be satisfied, and she was still young enough, still susceptible enough to the glamour of names to be impressed and excited.

While Jerry posed for him she had listened to C. D. Williams describe hole by hole a game of golf in which he would have broken a hundred if he had not been afflicted with a ten on the eighteenth hole. She had dined next to that curious but to her not humorous phenomenon, the Round Table at the Algonquin Hotel, and had not smiled nor perceived how much it had in common with the thing it despised—the Rotary Club meeting. She had attended a costume dance of the Illustrators' Society and met Rea Irvin and C. B. Falls and Jack Sheridan. She had seen the Benda Masks, and Harrison Cady had told her a ridiculous story about the Whittlers' Club, which she had wondered if she should believe implicitly. In short, she knew by sight and by name a number of these glamorous gentlemen, and felt that she was beginning really to live.

It was disappointing, of course, if they chose to talk about kelly pool rather than art; or if their interest seemed to be greater in Mr. Dempsey or Mr. Tunney than in the new Titian in the Metropolitan. But she was sensible enough to realize that, after all, an artist has the same number of arms and legs as anybody else and that an author differs from other men only in that he writes instead of running an elevator or selling bonds. Such men actually have wives and families and may be seen of evenings carrying parcels home.

She went to Harlem to see the colored folk in their night clubs, and was recognizable to the doorkeeper of a number of downtown speak-easies.

But she was not becoming déclassé. That is to say, the whole thing savored of unreality to her; it was a sort of gorgeous, tingling dream; a kaleidoscope of unrealities to be experienced, scrutinized, played with.

ONE thing she realized early: that it was open season for girls and the hunters were many. At this she shrugged her lovely shoulders and told herself she was able amply to take care of herself . . . a statement previously and mistakenly made by not less than several young women before her day and date.

She perceived, as she explored the city, that Family, as the Bundys understood the word, was not of the essence of current life. Two thirds of the attractive gentlemen she encountered were married but seemed to rest under no obligation to account for their evenings to their wives. . . . The wives, on the other hand, seemed equally free. . . . She wondered how much of it was pretense and how much reality. Nevertheless, in that night world, family ties were apparently of the most tenuous sort, not galling to wear, and certainly no brake upon the wheels of free self-expression.

In common with the greater part of New York she forgot the fact that the United States of America stretches from ocean to ocean and from Mexico to the Dominion.

She was not wise enough to realize that New York is not America, nor even that the New York of Broadway, of the studios and clubs, of speak-easies and crowded dancing floors, is not New York. How was she, fresh from college, short of vision as a newly born baby, to perceive that an infected finger, prominent though it may be, does not indicate the condition of an otherwise healthy body?

She became used to Jerry's habits; to seeing her roommate dress for dinner at seven-thirty nightly and return to the room at two or three. It became almost a normal thing for the telephone to ring after Jerry's return and for the girl to rush out a second time to some belated party which would keep her almost until dawn. In the beginning she wondered how Jerry managed to stand it and to have any resources left for the day, but she soon perceived that youth possesses reservoirs which one can tap ceaselessly.

Their business opened auspiciously and then fell into a sort of doldrums, but it paid their room rent. When Jerry needed extra money she posed. Martha had some cash reserve and speedily learned the technique of having her food provided for her by young men and middle-aged men and even elderly men who seemed to compete for the privilege as if it were a chief end of life.

"But we're getting nowhere," Jerry complained bitterly one afternoon as they sat again in Banks Prouty's studio.

"Where do you want to get?" asked Banks. "So far as I can see, there are two destinations for young women—into marriage or to hell in a hand basket."

"Nonsense," said Jerry. "All right, ride your own horse. I like my seat in the grand stand—with such by-products as drop in from time to time."

"I've got to run," Martha said. "You two settle it and let me know the decision. Got a dinner date?"

"Who is it?" asked Jerry.

(Continued on page 42)



Nowhere else in the world is there a man just like you!

Millions of men—and no two entirely alike! Different in size. Different in shape. Different in thought and action.

Be yourself! There's no other man just like *you*. You can't wear standardized clothes, made for the millions, and be really well dressed.

There's an Ed. V. Price & Co. representative in your town who offers you an unexcelled *personal* tailoring service. He has the finest assortment of woollens obtainable anywhere. He can show you the latest and smartest styles. He can provide you with a suit made only for you by Ed. V. Price & Co. tailors—a suit which will definitely help you *be yourself at your best*.

What
your
tailor?



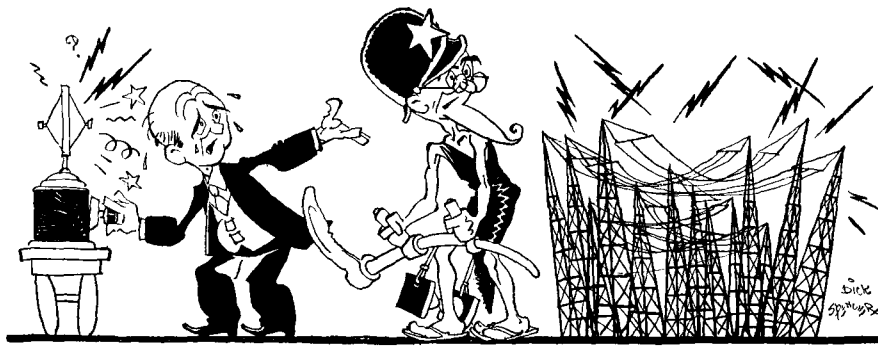
Look for the sign of the
Jolly Little Tailor

\$35
\$45 and
\$50

Ed. V. Price & Co.

CHICAGO

The largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes



BURY *them* DEEP

FOR six months the Federal Radio Commission has handled the regulation of broadcast stations with a degree of caution that bordered on timidity. In any event its members have seemed to favor the broadcasters rather than the public. At last, however, there seems to be a change of heart if the last order is any criterion of the commission's intent.

It is quite evident to anyone who studies the situation that there will be no permanent solution until some four hundred stations have been closed down. It is also quite apparent that the commission is skeptical about its powers in this respect, and apparently its members feel that any drastic order would result

By
**JACK
BINNS**

in a court action to determine the property rights of the station owner. That is the issue exactly. I can see no valid reason why the commission should not welcome a test of its powers. If the courts should decide they are not so broad, then Congress can enlarge them. The public interest is far more important than the rights of any individual that were acquired at a time when the public domain in the ether was not properly protected.

No matter what else it may contemplate the commission should immediately move all those stations whose chief form of entertainment consists of the grosser forms of direct advertising into the graveyard below 250 meters.

Charting the Channels

NEMA, the trade association of the electrical industry, has endorsed part of the plan proposed by Ralph Langley to call ether lanes "channels" instead of "wave lengths" or "frequencies." These channels will be numbered, starting with number one at ten thousand cycles and proceeding onward through the radio spectrum. Each channel will be ten kilocycles apart from the next.

The new method will greatly simplify things once the regular radio fan has become used to it. Mr. Langley's plan was to number the broadcast channels only, starting with one at the long-wave end and finishing with ninety-six at the short-wave end. The compromise adopted by NEMA gives broadcasting the numbers between 55 and 150. It is arrived at by deleting one zero off the number of kilocycles involved.

In the discussion leading up to final action Mr. Langley pointed out that when a broadcast station announces it is operating on a specific frequency "by authority of the Federal Radio Commission" it is making an untrue statement. As a matter of fact it is operating on a band of frequencies which is as wide as the audible frequencies that go along with its carrier wave. As an example WEAf is assigned 610 kilocycles by the commission, but it actually uses the band of frequencies between 605

and 615 kilocycles. That band (ten kilocycles wide) becomes a "channel" under the new plan.

The various channels will come at specific points on your dial. It will then be very easy to locate the place where any distant station should come in and to tell whether their radio sets really cover the broadcast band or not.

Lawyers Love This

A FEW years ago there was a bitter fight waged between broadcasters and the association representing the owners of copyrighted music. Many a station owner who shouted into the ether that he would never render tribute to the composers' Caesar is now peacefully paying royalties out of the fees he receives for sponsored programs.

The peace that has reigned since the broadcasters met their Waterloo is likely to be disturbed again over a very subtle point. The manufacturers of phonograph records pay royalties on the selections recorded. The dealers who attempt to attract customers by playing these records publicly are not assessed again. What then is the status of a person who reproduces the music sent out from radio stations whose only source of talent is the phonograph record? This question arises in the case of dance hall proprietors who utilize this means of entertaining their patrons.



*John Bull's
own son*

OVER in England they passed a law, as soon as broadcasting began, prohibiting the use of radiating radio receivers that cause annoyance to and interfere with neighboring sets. Four years' experience has taught them that natural forces ignore man-made laws, and even other men are just as unscrupulous as Nature.

Therefore the merry game of locating offending receivers goes on.

Here is the reply of one culprit who got caught: "We know we are not the cause of the interference as we have a private earth."

Free, White and Female

Continued from page 41

"Mortimer Blade."
"Um. . . . Seeing quite a lot of him, aren't you? Too much of one man is bad medicine."

"A friend of my childhood," said Martha lightly.

"Trying to reform you?" asked Prouty. "Childhood friends usually do."

"If I'm any observer, and I fancy I am," said Jerry, "quite the contrary."

Martha hurried to the hotel and dressed, going to the telephone before she was quite ready to tell Blade she would be down in an instant—which stretched to ten minutes. He awaited her on the divan before the elevators and stood up quickly to take her hand.

"You're lovely," he said. "Got a taxi waiting. Where'll we eat?"

"I don't care."

"Let's try a place I heard about. Kind of a blind tiger, but they say the food is all there."

"Anywhere," Martha said, and stepped into the cab where a little box of flowers occupied the seat.

"For me? How nice!" The flowers disposed her more kindly than usual toward him; they dispelled for the instant that slight feeling of restraint which she always experienced in his presence; that little twinge of guilt which charged her with disloyalty in thus giving her companionship to a member of that family which the Bundys despised.

THEY stopped on a street in the Fifties between Fifth and Sixth, and Mortimer Blade assisted her up the steps to the heavy ironwork door of a house which once had been a home.

Certain precautions were observed before an obsequious, smiling young man, obviously French, admitted them to the hall and waved toward the stairway. They dined slowly and talked lightly. In an hour or so they were bowed out courteously by the proprietor, who extended a most cordial invitation to return.

"How," asked Blade as they reached the pavement, "would you like to see the niftiest blind pig in New York?"

"I'd like it," said Martha.

"Why?" Blade shrugged his shoulders. "You don't drink." He turned his eyes upon her appraisingly; he was wondering what effect a generous quantity of stimulant would have upon her poise.

"Because," she said, "I like to see things. I want to see everything."

"Stick to me, my dear," he said, "and you'll see a lot."

They crossed the street, walked a block, and then Blade rang the bell beside a blue door between two garage entrances. A slide opened, and boyish eyes peered through, recognized the candidate for admission, and opened the door. Martha saw with some astonishment a boy of not more than fifteen with a fox-terrier puppy under his arm. He seemed embarrassed by her scrutiny, and blushing crowded back against the wall to make way for them.

"Well, Jimmy," said Mortimer. "How's the pup coming?"

The boy nodded with a curious reserve in his manner, but made no audible reply. He was a wholesome-looking child, Martha thought, manly and with a certain dignity.

Blade led the way up the narrow stairs to a large room at the top where a tall, slender, fair-haired girl took their things shyly and rather shrank as Mortimer touched her cheek with his fingers.

"Miss Patty here, Katie?" he asked. "I'll call her, Mr. Blade. She's lying down."

"No hurry." He turned to Martha. "Nice layout, what? This is the tiger's Sunday stripes in speak-easies."

The room was softly lighted and gracious in its appointments—a sort of parlor in the Florentine manner, with good hangings and a picture or two. No other guests were present.

Martha followed her escort through a door at the rear into a second large

room, irregularly shaped and inviting. There was nothing flamboyant or garish; it was quiet but not elegant; rather negligent in its good taste.

"And here," said Mortimer, "is the soul of the enterprise."

It was a tiny barroom scarcely larger than a closet, with just room between bar and wall for half a dozen tall stools. Behind the counter smiled a woman of thirty-five or so, patently Irish, buxom and so obviously respectable that Martha was compelled to repress a gasp.

"Molly," said Blade, "this is Miss Bundy."

"How-de-do, miss," said Molly, with a smile which compelled trust and liking. "I suppose you want to see Miss Patty. . . . Now, where's Tom?"

"How is your husband?" Blade asked negligently.

"Better, thank you, Mr. Blade, but his cough ain't gone yet. It's this bein' shut inside, sir, and the hours. But come good hot weather and he'll be all right. And we'll get up to the country for a spell. . . . Here he is now. Tom, this is Miss Bundy, a friend of Mr. Blade's."

The tall, angular Irishman smiled awkwardly but amiably. A dog barked, and Molly smiled. "It's Jimmy," she said, "my boy. He was that set on havin' a dawg. You saw him when you came in, I guess."

"Is that big boy yours?" asked Martha.

"And Katie too," said Molly. "I think she's goin' to take to singin'. . . . The city ain't good for 'em, Miss Bundy, but what can a body do? We can't separate, now, can we, bein' all of one family? And he gets his schoolin' reg'lar. His marks come home the other day, and he's doin' well. . . . And, of course, there's Miss Patty—we couldn't separate from her. . . . No, miss, we'd put up with most anything, all of us, before we'd be split up and get separated."

"We managed to stick together so far," said Tom, "me 'n' the woman and the kids. . . . And Miss Patty."

Martha wondered about Miss Patty. Each of these people, evidently of the upper-servant class, mentioned her name with such a note of loyalty in the voice. Who and what was Miss Patty? . . . And then the woman appeared: large, a little blowsy, blond, soft as to flesh—evidently a gentlewoman déclassé. Her air was one of bonhomie, almost of effusion. She extended her hand to Martha without waiting for an introduction.

"Any friend of Mr. Blade's is welcome," she said. "I do love to have pretty girls come in, dear. . . . Molly, my own special bottle of rye."

"Now, Miss Patty, you ain't been feelin' so well today," said Molly, with a serious air of equality, which was not equality but something rather better, Martha thought.

"Headache's gone," said Miss Patty. "I got to see to something. Excuse me. . . . Now, dear, come in and see me often. Don't wait to be brought. Just run up any time."

TOM and Molly gazed after Miss Patty, and Molly sighed. "It's pretty hard on her," she said. "But it's comin' out all right. We'll make a clean-up here and then—"

"Git back to the country again," said Tom.

Blade drank, and drank again; then he sat with Martha on a sofa against the wall in the room outside while the slender blond girl played things on the phonograph. Blade eyed her sharply.

"What a life for a boy and girl!" exclaimed Martha.

"Oh, they're all right," Blade said carelessly. "Queer outfit, though. . . . Tom and Molly used to be servants on Patty's place before she went smash. I don't know if they invented this place, or she did. But I've an idea it was their savings started it." His eyes wandered off again to Katie as she

stooped over the phonograph, nor was he aware of the straight, angry look bent upon him by the girl's brother as he sat playing with his puppy.

The bell rang, and the boy arose to go to the door. Presently he returned. "Two gentlemen asking for you, Mr. Blade," he said.

"Who are they?"
"They didn't give their names—but—
but they look all right to me."

"Send 'em up," said Blade.

JIMMY vanished, then the door opened again and Martha looked up to see Theron and Gelon advancing across the room.

"Evening," said Theron.

"Evening," said Gelon.

Blade was on his feet, scowling.

"You wanted to see me?"

"Sort of," said Gelon.

"And Martha too," said Theron.

"Have you—have you been spying on me?" she demanded in a rage.

"Sort of," said Gelon.

"Lucky we did," said Theron.

"You know, after all, we're sort of responsible," said Gelon.

"You being one of the family," said Theron.

"You will mind your own business," said Martha, "and you will commence now."

"We're going to," said Gelon. "That's why we're here."

"It ain't good for a Bundy to be playing around with a Blade," said Theron.

"Not this special Blade, anyhow," said Gelon. "I never did like him."

"He doesn't belong," said Gelon.

Blade became threatening. "You'd better clear out," he said. "This isn't exactly a safe place to start anything."

Molly and Tom had entered the room at the sound of voices and stood shoulder to shoulder, staring. The twins nodded to them good-naturedly.

"Nice place you got," said Gelon.

"Will you turn around and march right out of here?" Martha demanded.

"We got to use our best judgment, Martha," said Theron. "Don't want to make you sore, but there are obligations."

"We just can't have you running around with this Blade—not altogether because he is a Blade, but because he's bad medicine."

"If there weren't two of you—" Mortimer said furiously.

"There's just one of us," said Gelon, "if that's what you mean."

"We didn't come for a row," said Theron. "We just came for Martha."

"Well, you can go away again," she said.

"If I were you, Mortimer," said Gelon, "I'd fold up my tent like an Arab, and steal away from this."

"We'd like to have you come along with us, Martha," said Theron.

"No," she said, and stood very red and defiant.

"Then," said Gelon, "I guess we'll have to sort of convince Blade it isn't open season for girls by the name of Bundy—one of us."

Gelon walked to the door and stood with back against it, and smiled ingratiatingly upon Tom and Molly. "Now you folks keep out of this," he said amiably. "It's private."

"I'll be as quiet as I can," said Theron. "Nobody'll be disturbed much. Just sit tight."

"By that he means sit tight," said Gelon, and his eyes became suddenly level and full of purpose.

Blade bent swiftly, lifted a four-legged stool and sent it hurtling at Theron's head. Theron dropped to all fours, and the stool crashed against the wall.

"That," he said softly, "was a scaly trick."

"We," said Gelon, "wouldn't have busted any furniture."

"Now," said Theron, "come out from behind."

Blade came in a mad rush, to be halted emphatically and scientifically by Theron. It could hardly be called a fight, though Blade did his best and was not without a sort of stubborn courage. His mode of life, however, had not been of the most useful for this purpose, and he never had loved fighting for fighting's sake as Theron had done. . . . Theron fought with a sort of debonair detachment. After the fourth knock-down Blade remained half lying on the sofa.

"Which," said Gelon, "closes this evening's entertainment."

"Come along, Martha," said the untouched Theron.

She quivered with fury. "Oh, I hate you! I despise you! All of you. I hate the very name of Bundy. . . . You can't play fair. You can't leave me alone. . . . Well, you'll leave me alone from this on, I can tell you. I'll never see or speak to one of you again. I'm through with you all. . . . I told you I wouldn't stand being meddled with and followed and spied on. . . ."

"Why," said Gelon, "we just sort of had to."

"Family matter," said Theron, as if that were a final answer to everything.

"This," said Gelon, "is just gentle notice served on you to hunt on other preserves, Blade."

"Always bearing in mind what happened to your great-grandfather," said Theron.

"So, come along, Martha, like a sensible girl."

"I shan't. . . . I shan't."

MOLLY approached the furious girl and placed a strong, sympathetic arm around her shoulders.

"Dearie," she said, "if I was you, I'd go with them boys. They look good to me. . . . Now don't go doin' anythin' foolish. You run right along."

Suddenly Martha collapsed, went limp upon that friendly Hibernian breast, and sobbed distractedly. Molly mothered her and nodded over her shoulder at Theron.

"You got a cab?" she asked.

"Yes."

"She'll come with me," said Molly, and so it was. Martha allowed the woman to lead her down the stairs and place her in the taxi—sobbing convulsively; so angry and bewildered she was unconscious of her own actions.

"Much obliged," said Theron.

"Do as much for you," said Gelon.

Molly reascended the stairs to find Tom applying first aid to a white-faced man who cursed bitterly, with cold precision.

"I'll get that outfit," he rasped. "The whole family of them. I'll get them, and get them good, if it's the last act of my life."

(To be continued next week)

No time for YALE took college home



"Fifteen Minutes a Day is indeed a valuable adjunct to The Harvard Classics and I constantly consult it with profit and delight. Here is a college education within the reach of everyone—knowledge stripped of its dull components and presented with attractive succinctness. The Reading Guide may be opened at random; a subject heading selected by chance, and an enchanting quarter of an hour is the reader's who will add to his education and pleasure."

"A cynic of my acquaintance, consulted by a young lady in love with an impecunious youth, advised her as follows: 'With love I have no quarrel, but I doubt if poverty is soluble in love. My dear girl, it is just as easy to fall in love with a rich man as it is with a poor one.'

"The application here is obvious. 'It is just as easy to read good books as it is to read rubbish.'—H. C. WITWER.

—says H. C. Witwer

H. C. WITWER, popular short story writer, confessed that he had acquired a college education without going to any college. In response to a query concerning the classical literary flavor of the opening paragraphs and titles of his current stories in Collier's and in Cosmopolitan Magazine, Witwer produced a letter he had just written to a friend in New York.

"I most assuredly have a Five-Foot Shelf," he wrote, "and if you don't think I use it constantly for inspiration, reference, and mental calisthenics, you should see the well-thumbed pages."

"There is no excuse for anyone missing a college education when these books are available."

In response to further inquiries, Witwer said that he has been successively a newsboy, soda jerk, circus publicity writer, sports editor, and short story writer. "I have never had time to be an inmate of dear old Yale," he added, "but a constant inmate of my home has been

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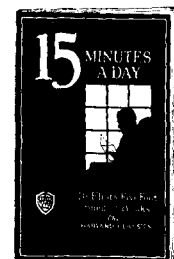
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How a Critic Gets That Way

Continued from page 12

Stanislavsky, Helen Hayes, Mrs. Fiske, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne—who was not there that night?

The curtain rose finally on the pretty spectacle of myself and Madge Kennedy at breakfast. Beginning with this first glimpse of us, that audience hissed, by actual stop-watch count, for four minutes, and whenever this demonstration seemed likely to languish from sheer exhaustion, what might be called his leaders rose from the aisle seats and exhorted them all to further effort. I remember thinking at the time how unpopular Madge Kennedy must be.

How Did It Start?

YET I gather that the dramatic critic is an envied person. I am prompted to this conclusion by the bushel of mail which is dumped upon my desk weekly.

There is the letter from the matron in Davenport, Iowa, or Wheeling, W. Va., who says that she has been asked to read a paper before the Woman's Monday Afternoon Literary and Pleasure Club. The paper, which is to be ready for the next meeting, is to cover the history of dramatic art from its inception up to and including the fall of 1927, and she would like me to tell her what to say.

The other regulation inquiries are from the youngsters of either (or neither) gender who want to become dramatic critics and, being uncertain as to how that is usually brought about, ask me how it happened in my own case. How, in other words, did I get this way?

To these latter inquiries, which have always stunned me to the point of dropping them into the wastebasket, this article is intended as an open letter in reply.

I think it began when, as a small boy in Kansas City, our family happened to move into a singularly ugly house in Aldine Place, across the street from one occupied by the late Roswell Martin Field of the Kansas City Star.

This lanky and lovable brother of Eugene Field was childless, and he did so love children. We all benefited thereby. In the column he ran in the Star (for there were columns as well as giants in those days), he used to report, presumably as an inspiring model for the less orderly, the fact that every night before going to bed I was given to brushing my teeth.

Well, when I was five years old he stopped around at the house one day at luncheon time and took me to see a fellow Kansas citizen named Eddie Foy in an extravaganza entitled Sinbad the Sailor, then playing at the Coates Opera House.

I knew that he was able thus to pass the magic portal of the temple because he was a member of the Star staff who sometimes reviewed new plays as they passed through Kansas City on their way West. And then and there, I believe, I resolved to enter at the earliest possible opportunity this otherwise unattractive profession, which included among its consolations free access to the theatre.

The next factor that I contributed was my decision to go to college.

After college, thanks chiefly to the friendly back-patting by an older and better newspaper man (Samuel Hopkins Adams), I became a reporter.

For reasons which, in long retrospect, strike me as a trifle morbid, my first ambition was to go on the staff of the Philadelphia Record and, with a form of low cunning which I now deplore, instead of going man-fashion to the managing editor, asking him for a job, and being thrown out, I went instead to the wife of the editor in chief and petitioned her for a letter of introduction.

She told me that it would be too much trouble to write me one, but that if I would hop on a trolley car she would telephone to the office while I was en route and warn the Record of what was about to befall journalism in Philadelphia.

I was still in the hall when she put the telephone call through. I heard her say, "Now, Mr. Dwyer, I don't know whether this boy will be able to write, but he should make a good reporter because he is the damndest, noisiest person I ever met."

Mr. Dwyer was able to resist even this opportunity, and as it happened, it was as reporter on the New York Times that I finally went to work.

I think that if they then made me dramatic critic, it was because I was sitting around looking as if I had nothing to do on the day when my predecessor, Adolph Klauber, handed in his resignation. If I, in turn, decided to snatch at this opportunity, even though it meant that Richard Harding Davis

COVERED
WAGON

"Covered Wagon," by F. E. Meyer, 807 Ceritos Ave., Long Beach, Cal.

That's a pretty good job some pioneer did on the covered wagon. And below you'll find a Nameograph of Helen Meany, who appears to be swimming at random. Send your Nameographs to the Nameograph Editor, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. They may get you \$5.00 each.

H. MEANY

"Helen Meany," by Dorothy Seymour, 44 Beverly Road, Upper Montclair, N. J.

would be without any successor at all, it may have been—who knows what unseen motives rule the traffic within the human heart?—because my predecessor had married Jane Cowl and I unconsciously assumed that that presumably pleasant experience was a prerequisite of the critic's job. It turned out that I was wrong about that.

Since then I have discovered that newspaper men are roughly divided into two classes—those who become dramatic critics and those who write editorials deploring the low estate into which dramatic criticism has fallen.

On this point the New York Times and the Detroit Free Press have waxed singularly eloquent of late. The old charge of venality is seldom heard and, indeed, I think that the latter-day play reviewers of New York and Chicago, at least, are a pretty honest lot. I used to hear tales of a producer who would implore all critics to write plays and of whom it was said that his office safe was fairly bulging with their manuscripts, locked up, I suppose, for posterity. He had never read them. He had been willing to pay advance royalties on them, but he had drawn the line at reading them. I cannot say that this was true or if he ever got his money's worth in kind words. I would like to be able at this point to record the crushing language in which I spurned a similar offer, but, as it happens, none was ever made to me.

Now and again one of our number does seem to me to display a kind of isolated enthusiasm for some performance in which his office is either financially, socially or romantically interested, but for the most part the business of play reviewing in America is, I think, honestly conducted.

And, indeed, the chief accusation under which we cower is not that of dishonesty but of flippancy. We are accused one and all of antic dispositions and are pictured as being ever cheaply jocular at the expense of the sensitive players. Those who thus admonish us have, it strikes me, a needlessly offensive name for such didoes.

They never by any chance call it the Smart-Percy or the Smart-George Jean, but always the Smart-Aleck school of criticism.

And what puzzles me still more is the repeated suggestion that this is some new murrain which has seized the poor old theatre. There were wisecrackers before ever that term was invented, and the most frolicsome of my colleagues, who try thus to escape from the sheer glumness of continual disparagement, are just old sobersides compared to one who was not without honor in an elder day.

All of us, from H. T. Parker in Boston to Ashton Stevens in Chicago, are solemn and decorous fellows compared to Eugene Field, who, long before he wrote those poems for the children who loved him, was the dramatic critic of the Denver Tribune.

The players, trooping from the Mississippi to San Francisco, dreaded not so much his printed disparagement as his actual audible protests during the performance. Modjeska, for instance, had a dreadful time with him when she played the younger Dumas' moribund heroine at the Tabor Grand in Denver.

In those days everybody played Camille, each actress priding herself on her method of indicating the dread consumption with which that remorseful lady was wasting away. One did it with a hectic flush; another with a handkerchief ever pressed to the lips; Modjeska did it with a cough. And as if he fain would contribute a kind of oral dramatic criticism to the chronicles of the stage, Field prepared for her Denver engagement by retiring into a meadow and there in solitude practicing a cough of his own which, those who heard it tell me, was an amazingly sepulchral detonation.

Then, when the performance came and Modjeska let out her first talented whoop from the stage, Field responded antiphonally from the fourth row on the aisle.

Thus it went throughout the act until the duet was broken up by the ushers, who led the Tribune's dramatic critic into the night.

Field was famous and enviable for his capacity to say all that he needed to say about a play in one or, on occasions calling for extreme verbosity, two sentences.

I quote again, as I have often quoted, two of his capsule criticisms. There was, for instance, the singularly compact and illuminating review which merely said:

"Last night, So-and-So played Hamlet at the Tabor Grand. He played it till one o'clock."

Too Slender an Excuse

BUT the classic review was his summary of the late Creston Clarke's performance in King Lear. Clarke was an unimposing actor who toured this land in Shakespearean repertory for a number of years on the somewhat slender excuse that he was a nephew of Edwin Booth.

Field probably felt that any nephew of Edwin Booth was entitled to a livelihood out of the American theatre, but that even such justification hardly fitted Mr. Clarke to rattle around in so magnificent a ruin as Lear. At all events, his succinct resentment in next day's paper took this form:

"Last night Creston Clarke played King Lear at the Tabor Grand. All during the five acts of that immortal tragedy he played the king as though in constant apprehension that someone else was about to play the ace."

Tom Masson Says



The Bureau of Entomology says a house fly will travel five miles in twenty-four hours. He is probably rehearsing while getting ready for his non-stop flight around your head while you read yourself to sleep.

Mayor Thompson of Chicago has been accused by The New York World of egotism. If this keeps up, somebody will tell us that there is coal in Scranton.

An expedition to the Dutch East Indies has captured several lizards nine feet long. The parlor varieties we have seldom run over five feet five.

The main issue before most of our Presidential candidates is whether or not they have any chance of being nominated.

In an English village of 100 inhabitants, it is said that 10% are married. The rest of the inhabitants are referred to as "The gay nineties."

Even the Prince of Wales has his off days.

"I won't be home until late, dearie," said the young husband, "but I won't lock you out."



The kind of American highbrow you are depends on what committee selects your books for you.

To get the girls, the boys used to go on their knees. Now they have to be on their toes.

Girls, beware of the lover who declares that all other women are alike; he will always be trying to prove that he is wrong.

The Baltimore & Ohio is celebrating its one hundredth anniversary. Probably renewing old ties.



The next song will be "We Did Not Raise Grandma to be a Front-Seat Driver."

A girl may be acute and not be a cutie.

The Way of a Maid

Continued from page 7

ranch just at the edge o' town. A hoss or two or a dozen don't mean nothin' in his life. An' I'll rustle you up a nice outfit for him. You don't need to own him, but whenever you feel like ridin' him, you just help yourself. He's just naturally entitled, as one o' God's dumb critters, to exercise, an' the Lord won't frown on you if you make him work for his keep."

The following morning I locate Meely at the address she's give me, which is the news stand at the railroad station in Deming, she bein' the proprietor thereof. I've shod the pinto an' got kicked whilst doin' it; I've bought a nice outfit an' when Meely sees the tout ensemble, as the French say, she clasps her hands an' says: "Oh, Mr. Tully, you dar-lin'. You're won-der-ful." I was out more'n a hundred dollars, but that speech was worth it.

WELL, sir, I lay around town a week, an' every evenin' after Meely quits the news stand I take her for a ride. She don't know nothin' about ridin', so I teach her, an' after each lesson the figger o' Chalky Riddle grows fainter an' fainter. I'm satisfied I'm in right.

In the course of our journeys I learn that Meely's a graduate from a sectarian academy in Missouri. On account she's been threatened with lung trouble, the doctor orders her to New Mexico, so her an' her mother scrapes the bottom o' the family bank account an' comes out to Deming, where Maw takes in boarders an' Meely opens up the depot news stand. I sure longed to take her away from it, but being a mite cautious from birth an' aided an' abetted by old Milt Mulford's advice (in addition to owning the Double M he's the local banker an' knows everybody's business) I decide to go easy until I see whether our bracin' climate builds Meely up or sends her to a premature grave.

Well, Milt Mulford gives me a week o' joy, an' then 'lows I'd better go back to the ranch an' see if it's still there. So I ride out—an' the first persons I meet comin' in are the Rev. Hink an' Chalky Riddle. It seems the preacher's finishing the last lap of his circle, an' Chalky has volunteered to ride to Deming with him as a sort o' bodyguard.

Now, I ain't been courtin' Meely all week not to know she's plumb religious, regardin' all preachers as sort o' he-angels. Chalky's got this glimpse of her character too, an' I realize he aims to promote his interests by showin' a great consideration for her pastor. So I do some quick thinking.

Now, up above the cattle company's office in Deming I always keep three furnished rooms. One I occupy when I come to town an' tothers I keep for any o' my boys that gets overcome with civilization an' have to have a place to sleep it off unmolested. So I proffer him the use of one of my rooms; he accepts with pleasure, an' I hand him the key an' ride on.

Well, come the end of the month, I have to ride in to Deming for the pay roll an' to settle up bills, an' two of my boys accompanies me as bodyguard. I figger the Rev. Hink's out ridin' circuit again, so when about midnight I find it wise to steer both these rude persons to bed, I'm surprised, to say the least, when I find Chalky Riddle and the preacher there ahead o' me, both peacefully snorin'.

I reckon I never come nearer killin' a sleepin' man than I did that night. The thought that I'm innocently providin' accommodations for my hated rival durin' my enforced absence from town sure gravels me. I realize too that every evenin' he's been takin' Meely for a ride on my pony. However, the rules of hospitality was always sacred in our country, so the upshot of it was I put one o' my boys to sleep with Chalky an' shared my bed with the other, which is not to my likin'. An', to show you what an ingrate this here Chalky Riddle is, when I go down to call on Meely an' buy a whole lot of old newspapers an'

magazines in a misguided effort to boom her trade, I find Chalky draped over the counter an' claimin' practically 85 per cent of her attention. Bein' on neutral ground an' not hobbled by the laws of hospitality, I reckon we might have had it out then an' there if Chalky hadn't said to me in Spanish, which Meely can't talk that language, "No brawlin' in the presence of the lady, if you please, Jed?" So what could I do 'ceptin' smile like a alligator?

When Meely comes off shift that evenin' she declines to ride with either of us. Instead she walks up to the church, which stands in the sand an' sage on the far edge o' the town. Cows, goats an' burros habitate the immediate vicinity, an' as there ain't no fence around the church, this holy edifice for all practical purposes might just as well have been erected in a barnyard. There's an old billy goat asleep in the doorway an' when disturbed he charges Meely. Seems this here goat had a grudge agin women. As I have to fight somethin', I go to the rescue an' put up a memorable battle with this here goat, emerging victorious but with a lot o' skin missin' an' numerous bruises an' contusions. Meely sympathizes with me an' thanks me, then calls our attention to the sorry spectacle of a church without a fence around it. "You two boys are so wonder-r-r-ful," she says, "I'm sure you could find ways an' means to git a fence erected around this little house o' God. The trouble in this cow town," she continues, "is that nobody is public-sperrited enough to start an' circulate a subscription for this worthy purpose."

"That's where you're dead wrong, ma'am," says I, an' Chalky give me a dirty look because I'd spoke his thoughts before he had a chance. So he nods an' says: "Right you are, Jed. Miss Meely, consider this here fence erected by church time next Sunday."

"You dar-r-r-rlings," says Meely. "I knew I could depend on you two big noble boys. You're won-derful!"

We escort her home, which is how come I meet her maw for the first time. Hence, for the first time, I begin to have serious doubts as to the advisability of an alliance, because as we come up the steps with Meely Maw sticks her head out the front window an' says, "Meely, what you mean by lallygaggin' around with them two cowboys?"

THE next instant all my suspicions are swept away in a burst o' pride in Meely. "Cowmen, mother dear," she says, "not cowboys. An' they're both goin' to be elders in our church." She turns to me. "Thank you so much for bringin' me home, boys. Good night."

"That gal can sure coo," says Chalky as we head uptown. "That's what education an' refinement does for a woman. Anybody'd know on sight that Meely never was no biscuit shooter. Lend me fifty dollars, will you, Jed?"

"What for?" I says. "I feel lucky," he responds. "I got a feelin' that no faro dealer can stand before me tonight an' survive. Workin' for the new fence around Meely's church, I'm bound to have luck."

With all his faults, I know Chalky's good for a fifty-dollar loan, an' as I'm no good at faro, poker bein' my long suit, I stake the scrub an' stand by to see him win the fence. Which he does. The next mornin' we order it, an' on Sunday mornin' when the congregation arrives a fancy picket fence, painted white, surrounds the sacred edifice an' far out on the desert a flock o' buzzards are quarrelin' over the remainders of that billy goat.

"Chalky," I says, "do I git equal credit with you for this here fence?"

"Which you do not," says this double-crossin' dog. "I give you back your fifty dollars, didn't I? This here fence, which it cost me a hundred an' eight dollars, is my gift to the church. An' I split even with you on all funds re-

(Continued on page 46)

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The Way of a Maid

Continued from page 45



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mainin' in my hands, over an' above the cost o' the fence, didn't I? If that ain't fair, what is? But for my skill an' darin'—"

"I financed your skill an' darin', you pup. Step back o' the church an' gimme the satisfaction no man ever denies another."

"Sh-sh! Here comes Meely," he says, an' advancin' to meet her, proudly presents her with the fruits of his genius an' my money, an' receives her thanks. Meely's so tickled she never notices me a-tall. Also, durin' his sermon, the Rev. Josiah Hink takes occasion to thank Chalky Riddle for his gift an' announces that Brother Riddle an' Brother Tully have informed Sister Caxton they're willin' to accept jobs as elders.

AFTER church, controllin' my rage as best I could, I help Chalky escort Miss Meely home. On the way she takes the opportunity to grieve a lot because the church lacks a red velvet carpet runner from the pulpit to the door, an' hopes somebody'll be inspired to donate the same, as the parish ain't yet on a payin' basis.

I don't rise to this hint, but I can see by the far-away look in Chalky's eyes he's intrigued with the idea. So from Meely's house we head straight for the nearest faro game, an' Chalky sits in. He lasts ten minutes. "Lemme have that fifty back, Jed," he begs, but I refuse him, an' tiddle over to a table where three citizens are keepin' holy the Sabbath day at a game of skill.

"You want in, son?" says the dealer. "If so, be warned in time. This here is a five-dollar ante, an' table stakes."

I buy in for a hundred dollars' worth, an' when I quit for supper I'm two hundred an' forty-five to the good. So bright an' early next mornin' Meely's church has the new red carpet, an' before startin' back for the ranch I ride down to the depot with my two cowboys an' gayly break the glad news to Meely. "You dar-r-r-ling," says Meely. "You're won-derful!"

Thus cheered, I spend the rest of my winnings loadin' up all hands with readin' material for the boys at the ranch, an' at partin' I gather courage to give Meely's little hand a squeeze. She squeeze back, an' I promise I'll be in for church services at the end of the month. I'm real light-hearted as I head for home, because I know Chalky Riddle's broke an' in consequence has gone back to the Lazy 'S to recoup his fortunes as range boss.

In the middle of the month the Rev. Josiah Hink calls at the ranch again. He's ridin' circle an' plans services again at Tejuanga next day. So I give him an escort, headed by myself, an' descend upon Tejuanga, hopin' to see Meely there. Sure enough, she's run up on the train. Chalky Riddle's there too, an' before we escape Meely she's told us that for three hundred dollars the church at Deming can have a new organ, which the one in use is old an' has leaks in the bellows an' wears her plumb out pumpin' it.

Come the end of the month I go to Deming again. Chalky Riddle does likewise, an' the two of us goes around the town, hittin' every gambler an' saloon keeper over the head for a subscription to a new organ for our church. But we don't raise a dollar, on account of the Rev. Josiah Hink usin' up about 90 per cent of his sermons promisin' hell fire for gamblers an' saloon keepers; so Chalky counts his change an' goes into a faro game with thirty-five dollars. He's a hundred to the good when a black cat jumps up on the faro layout. Chalky knows he was jinxed, so he cashes in an' quits for the day.

I drops in on a poker game an' am two hundred to the good when word comes in that Apaches are off the reservation again an' have killed a Double M cowboy name o' Pete Garrison. As I'm Pete's boss, this gives me an excuse to quit, so I cash in, an' Chalky joins me outside.

"I'll go halvers with you on the organ, Jed," he suggests.

I'm in no mood to compromise with the skunk, but as I'm a hundred shy I agree.

Now, when this Pete Garrison is killed by the Apaches, his body's toled to the railroad at Tejuanga an' shipped by train to Deming, to be fitted with a coffin an' duly buried, at the ranch expense. So about an hour before the train is due with the body, Chalky an' I stroll down to the depot, an' on arrival we inform Meely that with good luck she has the new organ, with our compliments, for services a month hence.

"You dar-lings!" says Meely. "You're won-derful!"

We change the conversation immediately, because there ain't anything more embarrassin' than to be thanked for a trifle. Pretty soon the train comes in, an' I leave to superintend the removal o' Pete Garrison's remainders to the local undertakin' parlor, which matter attended to I drift back to the news stand, an' am surprised to find Chalky Riddle has at length felt the sperrit movin' within him an' has give me a clear field, for he's nowhere in sight.

"Isn't it terrible about that poor Mr. Garrison?" says Meely.

"It is that," I says. "Pete was a right nice boy an' a mighty good hand with a rope."

"I suppose you'll bury him from the church, Mr. Tully."

"No, I don't reckon I will. Pete wasn't no church member."

"And has he nobody to mourn for him? Not a single, solitary soul to shed a tear over him?"

"Nary soul, nary tear, Miss Meely. Pete's friends ain't the cryin' sort."

"But just suppose you'd been killed instead o' him, an' they brought you into Deming to bury you, an' there was nobody to shed a tear over you. How would you feel?"

"Well, what of it, Miss Meely? I'd be beyond feelin's then."

"But just think o' you bein' dead an' not a soul in this town to shed a tear over you," she persists. "Not a soul. In all this town not a soul to shed a tear over you!"

"Well, how about you, Miss Meely? Sure you wouldn't shed a tear over me?"

"I'm not the cryin' kind either," she comes back at me, an' looks me clear an' cold in the eye. "Nevertheless, one can't help thinkin' how awful it would be if you, young as you are and all steeped in sin as you are, should come to be buried an' not a soul handy—"

"Don't you worry none about me, Miss Meely," I says. "Well, I reckon I'll be on my way. I got a lot o' things to tend to in connection with Pete Garrison's funeral. Adios!" An' I lift my hat to Meely an' depart.

AFTER we'd planted Pete Garrison that afternoon (Chalky Riddle's one o' the pall bearers) I saddle up an' prepare to ride back to the ranch. "Better ride with me, Chalky," I says. "There's safety in numbers."

"Sorry, Jed," says Chalky, "but I ain't got no horse."

"Whatever's become of him?" I ask, scandalized, because Chalky had a horse he'd have endured pain an' privation for before sellin'.

"I sold him to a feller from the East that admired him a lot. Got fifty dollars for him—an' blew the fifty on an order for new hymn books. I saved out my outfit, however. Jed, suppose you let me have twenty dollars to buy a new horse to fit that outfit."

"I'll do better'n that," I says. "I'll give you one. Come with me."

I take him down to my foster father's little place on the edge of town an' rope Meely's pinto Indian pony for him. Without a word Chalky saddles, bridles an' forks, an' we ride out of town. We're mebbe two mile out when suddenly Chalky turns to me an' says:

"Jed, how'd you feel if you was Pete

Garrison an' not a soul in all Demin' to shed a tear over you?"

I pull up an look at him, an' then for the first time I see he's chalkier'n ever.

"Chalky," I says, "did Meely refuse you?"

"Not exactly, Jed. Fact is, I never asked her. But I'm one of these fellers that can take a hint."

"Well, Meely ain't the cryin' kind."

"How do you know she ain't?"

"She confessed to me she wasn't."

"I reckon you're not the only cow-waddie in New Mexico that can take a hint, Jed. Well, put it there!" An' he held out his hand.

"Hear about the parson?" he says presently.

"No."

"Him an' Meely's goin' to Sante Fe tonight to git married. I reckon, now that they got the church fenced, a new red carpet on the floor, a new organ an' hymn books, they figgered they could afford to use some o' the collections to keep the wolf from the door. The trouble with us two is that we're godless men. We never stood a chance."

"Well, tain't too late to cancel the order for that organ. You got a hundred an' fifty dollars tied up in that deal, Chalky—"

"Let the tail go with the hide," says this godless man. "If we don't let on we're feelin' raw an' uncomfortable, but leave all bets go as they lie, mebbe one o' these days Meely jumps to the conclusion we've both jilted her, an' the thought makes her b'ilin' mad."

"Well, Chalky," I says, "I never liked her mother, anyhow. An', come to think of it, my heart ain't broken. Meely's too much of a cooin' dove to suit me."

CHALKY reaches into his saddle bags and draws forth half a dozen magazines. "Books with stories in 'em about cowboys," he yells, an' tosses the lot into a near-by barranca. "My Lord, the money I've wasted on such trash!"

"You ain't got nothin' on me, Brother Riddle," says I, an' pile mine into the barranca with his. Then I pull a four-bit flask o' the old Bourbon whisky Milt Mulford imports from Kentucky for his mint juleps. At partin', when my foster-father learns I've given up all hope o' Meely, he hands me this flask to use on the way home, in case o' snake bite. "Liquor up, Brother Riddle," I says.

"Here's to sinners an' publicans, Brother Tully," says Chalky, tipping the flask onto his fool head. "May they never snaffle themselves out wives with weak lungs an' long heads."

"An' may they always have somebody to shed a tear over 'em when they die sudden," says I, tipping the flask on my equally fool head. "Brother, we will now sing: I'm Glad Salvation is Free."

"No, we won't, Brother Tully, because it ain't free. It's cost me quite a few hard-earned dollars. Let us turn, instead, to Hymn No. 137, entitled, One Sweetly Solemn Thought—only don't let's sing it. Let's just think it. What a brute you was, Jed, to go an' slay that old church billy goat! You're plumb ungrateful. Why, if that critter hadn't fought you the day we met him, I'd most certainly have fought you myself—an' mebbe killed you."

"Chalky Riddle," I says, "you're won-derful. Why didn't you?"

"You dar-lin'!" says Chalky. "I'm danged if I know."

So that [concluded Dad Tully] is how come I got rid o' my puppy love. You ever read a book called Why We Behave Like Human Beings? [I nodded.]

Then you know how come I never married. Folks does the things in life they like to do, an' before I got too old an' too sot in my ways to git married, it just seemed my luck never to meet up with a likely gal that didn't coo at me. An' the minute she cooed—well, I remembered I didn't like women that done that—an' promptly I rolled my hoop elsewhere. No, sir [he added, as he drained his alfalfa cocktail], I just naturally couldn't trust 'em!

Stamp Followers

Continued from page 19

How much need one spend to launch an ordinary general collection?

"For a youngster," said my informant, "I'd suggest buying him an album holding only 3,000 stamps at the start and a mixture of 1,000 or so stamps for about \$1. Then if his interest keeps up you can buy him a larger album and more stamps."

"An adult can go in as deeply as his pocketbook and his interest will allow. For 25 cents he can get seventy-five stamps, each from a different country, and from that start the varieties run up to \$500 for 20,000 stamps, all different. Twenty thousand stamps will keep a man busy through a lot of winter evenings."

Errors make for rarity and hence for value.

Sometimes Errors Pay!

ONE of the classic stories of philately concerns a sheet of 100 24-cent air-mail stamps in 1918. This stamp was printed in two colors, necessitating the use of two separate dies. When some of the first sheets had received their first impression they were fed through the second color press upside down, with the result that the picture of the airplane on them was inverted.

A clerk, who paid face value—\$24—



It's no secret that Mr. Terhune loves dogs and writes about them. Send your Nameographs to the Nameograph Editor, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

for the sheet at a Washington post office, noticed the error, realized its value and quickly sold the stamps to a dealer in Philadelphia for \$15,000. Colonel E. H. R. Green, noted philatelist, bought the sheet for \$20,000.

Employees of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving are not infrequently approached by unscrupulous dealers and collectors who offer sometimes sizable sums for their cooperation in producing a single error in an issue. But our government and the employees of the bureau enjoy an enviable reputation for clean dealing where stamps are concerned—a reputation, incidentally, that is not shared by certain small foreign governments which indulge in the practice of running off entire limited issues just for the profits which can be gained by selling them to collectors.

One unusual error occurred in certain sheets of 2-cent United States stamps. Arthur Hind showed me a sheet of two's in which on two of the stamps the figure 5 instead of 2 appeared in the ovals below the portrait of Washington. I've forgotten how much he paid for it—but it would buy a small automobile.

Such errors occur after the sheets have been proof-read. Stamp impressions are gone over thoroughly for poor impressions, and often one or two stamps in a sheet will be checked for revision. In this case the engraver, correcting two errors, picked up the 5-cent die instead of the 2-cent one, made the impression from it, without noticing his mistake—and a sheet of stamps the face value of which was \$2 went out into the world to find itself valued at a ridiculous figure.

Incidentally, however strict it may be about recalling errors, the United States Government encourages philately to no small extent through its Philatelic Agency in Washington. This was established in 1921 with a view to furnishing collectors and dealers with perfect specimens of stamps. It was launched on a small scale, but rapidly began to do a brisk business which ran over \$125,000 in 1926.

In addition to selling stamps direct to purchasers at the stamp windows, the agency handles more than 15,000 mail orders a year. It deals only in United States issues. Since the stamps sold through it find their way for the most part into albums, and the government is called upon to perform no service in return, the operation has proved fairly lucrative.

The stamps, of course, are sold at face value, and should a postmaster in an obscure hamlet turn in a sheet of very old or rare stamps, they are included on the list which the agency at regular intervals prepares and sends to those interested. Orders are filled at face value in the order of their receipt.

When the island of Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean, adopted adhesive postage stamps in 1847 they were engraved by a local watchmaker. On the early penny and twopenny issues the watchmaker erroneously inscribed the words "Post Office" instead of "Postage." If you'd like to buy one of these errors now, it would cost you around \$15,000. There are only thirty known copies in existence.

Of course a stamp needn't contain an error to make it highly prized. When the eminent Robert H. Morris, postmaster of New York City in 1845, scrawled his initials in ink on the bluish 5-cent stamp bearing a portrait of Washington, he hadn't any idea that he was going to make collectors of this day pay \$600 a copy for the stamps, as against \$60 a copy for the unused ones without his initials. It was the practice at that time for the postmaster or a clerk to initial stamps in ink before selling them, although many specimens exist without any handwriting on them.

These go back to the day before 1847, when the United States Government established federal adhesive postage. Probably the rarest of United States local postage stamps are the Boscawen, N. H., 1846 5-cent dull blue, listed at \$12,500; the Alexandria, Va., 1846 5-cent on bluish paper, listed at \$10,000; the Baltimore, Md., 1845 10-cent on bluish paper listed at \$10,000; and the Lockport, N. Y., 1846 5-cent, red and black on buff, listed at \$8,500.

Major G. W. A. Camp, president of the Society of Philatelic Americans, although stressing the fact that stamp collecting should be regarded first as an educational hobby, agrees with other authorities that there must be in existence today many undiscovered specimens which would fetch a handsome price if placed on the market.

"There was the case of a bank in Philadelphia not very long ago," he said, "which moved into a larger building. During the house cleaning attendant on the moving the bank sold a lot of old papers, of apparently no value, to a junk dealer for \$15.

"The junkman didn't know much about stamps, but he knew that some of those which were affixed to old envelopes in the bundles of paper he had bought were like none that he had ever seen before. So he brought them to a dealer, with the result that the little transaction in old paper netted him \$75,000.

Don't Spoil Your Finds

"IF YOU do come across any rare specimens in your attic," went on Major Camp, "don't try to steam the stamps off their envelopes, or 'covers,' as we call them. They may be much more valuable on the original paper—especially if they are 'tied on'—that is, if the postmark has been stamped in such

a way as to show that the envelope is the one on which the stamp was used.

"Arthur Hind, for instance, paid \$35,000 for the only envelope that has ever turned up bearing canceled copies of both the penny and twopenny Mauritian post-office errors."

A layman talking with stamp collectors must be pardoned if he stresses values rather than other angles of the hobby. Unless one has a particular interest in stamps, it's necessary to translate them into the uncouth but everyday terms of dollars. And these really ambitious collectors are always diving into little pocket booklets with their tweezers and bringing out a scrap of paper with the remark, "Now, that one I paid \$650 for, but it's not a very clean specimen." Or, "Here's a stamp that's catalogued at \$400, but the postmark on this is unusually neat and clear and the color is good—it ought to fetch \$600 at an auction."

But there's one thing about stamps. The schoolboy enthusiast seems to get just as much kick out of his limited collection as does the wealthy collector of costly rarities. And they do teach something. Even if you confine yourself to current United States issues alone, you can dig up enough facts to warrant a fairly decent ask-me-another.

Do you know, for instance, what is the highest denomination of regularly issued United States postage stamps? Well, it's \$5. The \$5 stamp bears the Statue of Liberty in two colors, and it is used largely by banks for the mailing of heavy bags containing coin.

Do you know who is the only woman whose portrait adorns one of our stamps? It's Martha Washington; her picture is on the 4-cent stamp.

You could go on at great length stumping yourself with questions having to do with the handy little adhesives that you use every day.

The first year of federal stamps only 860,380 were issued. During the fiscal year of 1925 the Post Office Department issued 17,482,834,894. These represented a face value of \$459,281,376.

Fake-Spotting's Easy

IN a business where the money turnover is so great it is only natural that forgeries and fakes should pop up now and then. Seldom is it that forgeries of valuable stamps are passed on collectors, but "repaired" stamps frequently are sold as perfect copies.

Brussels and Paris are notorious centers for the "repairing and patching" of stamps. And a profitable field it is, too, when you consider that a perfect copy which may fetch as high as \$600 is worth only about \$17.50 if it has been repaired, however expertly. Some of these repair jobs cannot be detected even under a powerful glass, but a development of the mercury arc light which has come into use among dealers and collectors shows them up instantly.

In most of the principal countries, by the way, there are experts who pass upon the authenticity of valuable stamps of their countries, and their initials on the reverse side of a specimen are accepted generally as proof that the copies are genuine; and it might be added that these initials are sometimes counterfeited.

There have been cases where counterfeiters have forged federal stamps purely with the idea of profiting by selling the fakes for face value. Not infrequently philatelists have been the means of revealing a forged issue to the authorities.

Copies of such forgeries attain high values in the stamp market. It must, for instance, well-nigh break the heart of a gang which counterfeited United States 2-cent stamps in Newark some time ago to know—if the word has been carried to their cells—that a block of ten of their phony two's, on which they collected but 20 cents, will fetch between \$50 and \$75 in the philatelic market.



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What Could Be Simpler?

Continued from page 16

building like a Greek temple, where the columns started from the ground and finished at the roof which they supported, but a thirty-story structure with steel beams sweeping up through it—up, up without end. We should feel that when we are inside—that swift, endless sweep of steel. And capitals would cut them off at each floor."

The office itself is a large room constructed within the room left by the builders. That original room was ugly, with girders and hard, glaring walls and steel window frames. One foot inside it all around the decorator has built a new room of French walnut—no panelings, no visible joinings, just a clear stretch of beautifully marked walnut, smooth as satin, from floor to ceiling—no surbase, no molding.

"It cost me \$2,000 more to leave out the moldings than it would have to put them in," said the decorator. But that is the first principle of modern decoration—not an unnecessary detail. But don't imagine this foot of space between the walls is wasted. It conceals private telephone booths, files, an ice-chest, radiators. The heavy doors of the room fit flush with the wall—each one a single solid piece of walnut with brilliant blue lapis-lazuli handles.

The beautiful windows built inside the steel-framed atrocities are of opaque glass overlaid with a Modernistic design in wrought iron and framed in wrought iron. Behind them are concealed the radiators. A new ceiling, built below the original one, opens up in three large vaults to show it, with electric lights concealed at the sides of the vaulting to pour a soft radiance, like daylight, into the room when required. And in this office of a multimillionaire are no cabinets, desks, files, no furniture at all except, at the far end of the blue carpet that sweeps up to it, one enormous desk of beautifully marked walnut and two big, handsome chairs—one for the great man himself and one for the man who will sit to confer with him. Near the walls are two tables.

Just how far has the Modernist movement gone? It has made greater strides in Europe than here. In Paris a whole new street has just been built in the new manner; and Germany, France, Sweden and Austria have many decorators, artists and cabinetmakers who work only in this style as well as many dealers who specialize in it. Not only specialists like Ruhlman, Martine, Sué et Mare, Groult, Dominique, Pierre Patou, etc., but even many of the Paris department stores (which are by no means of so high a grade as our own) sell a great deal of this furniture. Innumerable houses and apartments here and abroad are now done in this manner, many at tremendous expense, for the rarely beautiful is costly and the second-rate not worth having. It will only be when the public here is completely won over to this new movement, and good manufacturers are encouraged to take it up, that excellent pieces at reasonable prices will be available. Meantime it is possible for anyone to see beautiful examples.

In 1925 Paris held its great Exposition of Modern Decorative Arts, to which America sent nothing, our only original contribution to modern industrial art being the skyscraper, rather a large order to send on any ship. The Metropolitan Museum in New York brought a large part of this French exhibition to New York, and thereafter many museums throughout the country put it on display. The Metropolitan purchased some dozen pieces from the collection which are now on permanent exhibition.

Later a Swedish exhibition was held at the Metropolitan, and one of the largest advertising agencies in the world bought many of these beautiful pieces with which to furnish one of its private offices. This agency has also a second office done in the Modernist manner, but while the Swedish room pleases even the most conservative

taste, the other shows a less pleasing side of the new movement and easily gives offense.

A few months ago the largest department store in New York gave an exhibition of modern decorative arts, including not only furniture but rugs, lamps, glassware, silverware, fabrics, pottery, metalwork, wall papers, clocks, china, etc.; and so great was the interest in this exposition which by public demand was kept open at night, that this same shop expects to hold a similar exposition in the near future—and this is a shop which does not cater to the wealthy.

Just What is It?

ALTHOUGH Modernist furniture can, in this country, be bought only from specialists—there are several shops in New York which carry nothing else—almost all the department stores and decorating shops carry the accessories mentioned above as well as porch and garden furniture.

And now just what is Modernist furniture, in what way is it typical of our age as Queen Anne or Empire or Early American was of its day?

It is, first, completely untraditional, bearing no likeness to any previous period except a faint reference, now and again, to the Directoire. It is distinguished by its utter simplicity, lack of excrescences, smooth and solid surfaces, its tendency toward smooth, unbroken lines and surfaces, solidity, practicability and comfort; also by its use of new and unusual woods, inlays of ivory and metal, untraditional designs in upholstery fabrics, and all sorts of new materials never before employed in decoration.

As an example of the latter there is a private dining-room on the Ile de France, and this we will unequivocally admit is a "queer" room, but, then, it is used only six days by the same persons and is, in a way, a night club—which may justifiably be a bit nightmarish. The walls are entirely covered with split straw. This straw is first

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dipped into various brilliant dyes and then applied so flatly and smoothly to the wall in a design of waving palm trees against a background of magenta and purple curtains—also of split straw—that it looks like marquetry.

Another unconventional material is cracked eggshell worked into a design to give a charming surface, color and cracked appearance. Again cork, such as is ordinarily used for flooring, is sometimes used for wall surfaces, as also bleached burlap, old maps, Lalique glass, etc. Pigskin is used for upholstery, zebra skins for rugs, uncut plush for chair coverings, galuchat for covering the wooden parts of furniture, parchment for tabletops, vellum for wall coverings, semiprecious stones for knobs and handles, and the baser metals for salient parts of the furniture.

In the field of fabric design even more extraordinary devices are employed, but, handled by artists, who shall say they are not beautiful?

For a certain silk, for example, Ralph Barton drew a map of Paris with all Paris as it should be, even the little gendarmes flirting with the nursery governesses. He made another design illustrating "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." John Held contributed a design called "Collegiate;" Clayton Knight, "Sky-scrapers;" Helen Dryden, one of taxis and cocktail shakers; Steichen, photographs of such unexpected objects as "Matches and Cigarettes," "Carpet Tacks," "Moth Balls and Sugar"—all exquisite studies in shape, in light and shade.

Everyone knows Paulanship's candelabra, Hunt Diederich's and Edgar Brandt's metal work, Lalique's glass, Rodier's and Poirer's textiles, Wiener Werkstaette glass, Marie Laurencin's paintings, and the work of other notable artists in the accessories of decoration.

Said Monsieur Bouy, a Modernist decorator: "As an example of how I work—well, there was the day Lindbergh flew to Paris. Never has the whole world simultaneously given any human being the love they offered that magnificent young man. Whenever I thought of him there came to my mind a sweeping curve—the line of his flight across the Atlantic. Swift—ness—and that sheer, beautiful, long curve from ground to sky to ground.

"I made that curve in metal—and one could not see it without visualizing the flight of a plane—or at least without conceiving swift—ness. Its use? Oh, one may use it in a number of ways—for an electric-light bracket, for example. The streamlines of automobiles, the long lines of battleships, the soaring lines of skyscrapers have all accustomed our eyes to new lines which will necessarily be expressed in our art."

A Masterpiece of Modern Art

AS a trifling yet illuminating example of how modern skyscraper architecture affects interior decoration and brings the inside of a building into harmony with the outside, take the idea of the "set-back." In accordance with building regulations skyscrapers are "set back" after a certain number of stories and again at a farther height, and again at another.

Now take the treatment of a doorway or window. The modern decorator, instead of employing the conventional treatment of the door jamb, uses a series of broad set-back planes to frame it. Frequently these planes are shaded—say black for the first plane, gray for the second, and white for the third—a *dégradé* treatment already employed by the great dressmakers of France in their creations.

A taste for strong lights and shadows has come from our strongly black-and-white canyon streets, and this inclines us to a taste for strong colors; hence the brilliant colors of much modern decoration. On the other hand, our desire for restful surroundings gives the opposed desire for neutral colors, and both are reflected in the new school.

For instance, a charming drawing-room has walls, ceilings and doors covered with split straw in natural color suggesting the finest marquetry and giving the room a pale gold sheen. The colors of this room vary from beige to oyster-white. The curtains are of nat-

ural-colored pongee, the carpet beige, the furniture of white galuchat covered with cream-colored uncut plush, the lamp shades of white parchment with bases of thinnest sheaves of ivory. There are no pictures or decorations on the wall, and the furniture is all in simple flat planes, giving a solid block effect—a very restful ensemble.

We have mentioned the unusual woods employed. Among these palisander is preëminent. Here is a typical Modernist bed: a great slab of this exquisite wood—often with a plumlike purplish bloom—for headboard and footboard—a solid slab one foot thick, so that the top of it serves as a table for a bedside lamp, a book or two, a bowl of flowers. No pillows (during the day) but the mattress simply folded in a great piece of blond velvet.

Ebony, aviation wood, amaranth, sycamore, ash, acajou, and tulipwood are also much used, and what decoration there is is in the nature of inlays flush with the surface so that there are no excrescences. Beauty of surface (in the natural material or achieved by inlay or design flat on the surface) rather than carving or any form of raised decoration is the principle. For example, a cabinet in the Metropolitan Museum has an inlaid design of an enormous bowl of flowers in ivory covering the whole front panel. Aluminum and burnished steel are some of the less usual metals employed.

But the masterpiece of modern art is that traveling exposition the magnificent Ile de France. It is figured that if it could be duplicated today in America it would cost \$25,000,000.

Entering it blindfolded and having the bandage suddenly removed, one would believe oneself in a new century. The color of the grand salon is, at first glance, a bit striking, but lived with it settles down into a warming, refreshing, and—yes, restful experience.

The lighting has much to do with this. Modernist lighting is as untraditional as any other phase of its work. In the Modernist home the lighting, always indirect, can be changed at will to provide the gayety of a ballroom or the intimacy of a boudoir, to look cool for summer or warm for winter. Modern concealed lighting shows how electricity can break with the type of fixtures originally intended for candles and oil and develop its own fixtureless type of illumination.

This, we have said, is a new age—among other things, a Machine Age. And that, until recently, has been thought a bad thing for art—a very bad thing.

As Lee Simonson, the artist, says: "The development of modern machinery with its quantity production at first separated the artist from industrial art. He had to learn how to create a different sort of beauty that could be fed to the machine. A machine cannot satisfactorily copy the intricate handmade beauty of the past. But if the artist will conceive for the machine designs that it can produce *better* than a man's hand, we shall see that beauty can be manufactured—a new, hitherto undiscovered beauty, the product of the Machine Age."

Reactionaries argue that there are plenty of fine old styles. The past has created a style for every taste, they will tell you. But has it? Lots of us are discovering that Louis XV chairs look a bit ridiculous inside our modern homes and apartments. And besides—there aren't enough antiques to go around.

It is only natural that an age which is producing a new skyscraper architecture as typical of our age and country as the Gothic cathedral was of the Middle Ages—a new music in our American jazz; new schools of painting and sculpture; a new style of feminine dress such as has never before existed in the world—should likewise produce a new period in decoration.

It takes courage and an untrammelled mind to create and to adopt a new style in furniture, but had previous ages not had the courage and the imagination to do this we would today have no Directoire, no Tudor, no Early American furniture. Our artists have the courage to create; have we the courage to accept?



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America First

TOLERANCE is the key word to George Washington's Farewell Address to his countrymen.

It is important especially to remember that at this season while so many reckless, although thoroughly organized, attempts are being made to influence the dormant racial and religious prejudices of the American people.

Partisan implacability and political conspiracy had done all that was possible to destroy Washington's career and to embitter his life. Sensing the perils that unscrupulous hatred would inflict upon the infant republic, he prepared the famous message which was read to the House of Representatives on September 19, 1796. Its spirit is fresh and tonic today.

Washington was not immediately concerned with religious fanaticism. Five years before, the first amendment to the Constitution had been adopted. It began with the familiar words:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

That question seemed settled. Washington could not foresee the racial enmities and the denominational bigotry which would follow in the wake of the World War. But he could and did sense the suicide which lay in the unbridled exercise of fierce partisanship. Against that he made his appeal.

The preservation of liberty and "the Unity of Government which constitutes you one people" was the objective he set before the developing nation.

Washington foresaw that "from different causes, and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth." He pleaded with all the force of his eloquence against "every attempt to alienate any portion of our Country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

Recall these words:

"Citizens by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of Patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same Religion, Manners, Habits and Political Principles. You have in a

common cause fought and triumphed together; the Independence and Liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts—of common dangers, sufferings and successes."

Everything which Washington said of sectional differences and factional prejudice applies with full force against the wicked appeals now being made to religious fanaticism and racial animosities.

Questions of religion cannot safely be allowed to influence political judgments.

Bigotry, ignorance and intolerance are enemies of America which are far more dangerous than any conceivable foreign enemy.

A man's religion or his race has nothing to do with his fitness to be an American and a leader of Americans.

Throughout our history this land has been settled by people who sailed across the ocean in order to escape the injustice and cruelty of intolerant fanaticism.

Protestants came to America to seek a safe asylum and Catholics came for precisely similar reasons. In their turn Jews came also to enjoy the advantages of liberty.

Political independence, economic opportunity, social equality and religious liberty have been the basic principles upon which America has grown to primacy among the great nations.

We cannot now in the strength of maturity abandon

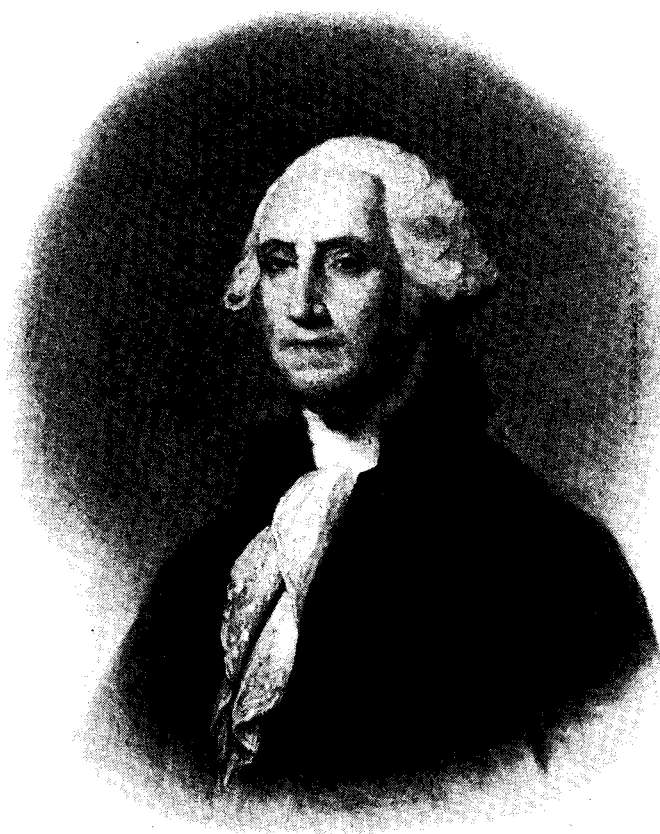
these principles without doing grave injury to our own country and setting a bad example to others.

In the coming months remember and treasure the spirit of Washington's great message.

Whom the two parties nominate, whom the voters elect in the Presidential choice, important as these selections will be, shrink into insignificance beside the far greater issues of liberty and tolerance.

In this campaign let's have America first in reality as well as in words.

This means that prejudice based on religion, race or geography must be forgotten or voluntarily suppressed, and that our undiverted attention be given to finding and selecting that candidate and those measures which promise best to serve our common country during the ensuing four years.



Engraved by J. Sarasin

George Washington

An "old and affectionate friend" offers counsel

Sea Sleds are not racers,



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Since 1921 at Buffalo, when the Sea Sled lifted the record over *thirteen* miles per hour, we have contented ourselves with building Sea Sleds which combined speed with comfort and safety, believing that the speeds we were selling were as high as it was safe to trust in the hands of amateurs, and that anything

Quite a number of builders are imitating Sea Sleds, regardless of patent infringement. But no imitation of a Sea Sled is as competent as the original—
OR AS SAFE.



above Sea Sled speeds for the sizes was purely a racing man's game.

As a result of this intention to place safety first, we have made the Outboard Sea Sled Models practically non-capsizable and non-sinkable, but the last news from Santa Catalina seems definitely to suggest that on a hard test over a long course, they are also unbeatable.

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